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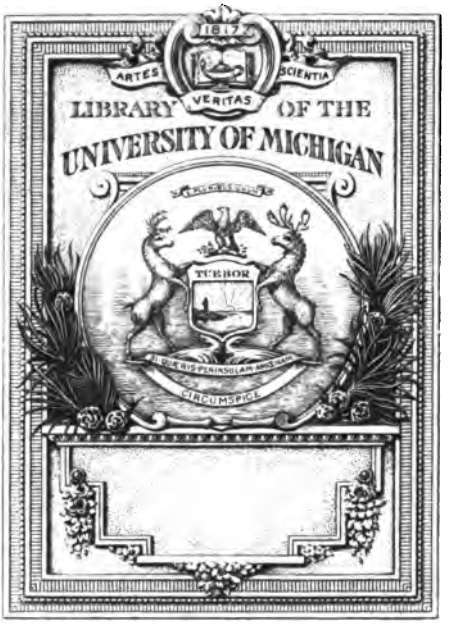
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THE

WORKS

OF

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

VOL. I.

Painted by Sir. Joshua Reynolds. *Engraved by J. Heath.*

SOAME JENYNS ESQ.R

Published by T. Cadell, Strand, Dec.r 1. 1769.

THE WORKS OF SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

INCLUDING SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY,

AND ALSO OF HIS LIFE;

By CHARLES NALSON COLE, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
M.DCC.XC.

TO

WILLIAM HEBERDEN, M.D.

DEDICATIONS in general are ſo many ſacrifices of praiſe, laid upon an altar erected for him to whom they are offered, at the expence of truth, one of the moſt amiable virtues. All the excellencies of human nature, which form the characteriſtic differences between

200303

good and bad men, are indiſcriminately conſigned to him to whoſe honor the rite is performed. Hence a ſad reverſe of characters is handed down to poſterity; and thoſe, the remembrance of whom ſhould have ended with their lives, ſtand recorded in their deaths as the diſtinguiſhed actors, as well as patrons, of all that is praiſe-worthy.

I know, Sir, that you, as well as myſelf, condemn ſuch ſacrifices, and thoſe who offer them.

After

After this declaration of the ſenſe I entertain of the general addreſſes of this ſort, I found myſelf under no difficulty in applying to you, THE FRIEND OF HUMAN NATURE, for permiſſion to ſend into the world, under the ſanction of your name, the works of an author, who, through life, had a ſtrict claim to that character; and whoſe ſubſtitute, ſince his death, you are in ſome ſort become, by the alliance of one of your family with that perſon whom, by the laſt ſolemn act of

extended to ſuch a length, by your conſtant and affectionate watchfulneſs over a conſtitution, the exiſtence of which, under Providence, your great profeſſional knowledge and experience have prolonged far beyond that period, which, from the infirmities long attending it, could ever have been expected, or hoped for, by

DEAR SIR,

Your ſincere,

Affectionate,

And obliged,

CHARLES NALSON COLE.

Lincoln's Inn Fields,
Feb. 1, 1790.

PREFACE.

WHEN the amiable author of theſe volumes, by one of the laſt acts of his life, bequeathed to me all the copy-rights of what he had publiſhed, and conſigned to my care the literary papers which he left behind him, with a deſire that I would collect together and ſuperintend the publication of all his works, I conſidered this truſt as a mark of his confidence, of which, after a friendſhip between us for near half a century, he thought me deſerving. Impreſſed with this ſentiment, from gratitude I undertook the truſt with great pleaſure; in the execution of which, as far as I could, I have acted

preciſely in the ſame manner in which he would have done himſelf, had he lived, as there is reaſon to believe, from the remembrance I have of many converſations I had with him on this ſubject.

The poems written in the early part of his life were printed and publiſhed ſeparately, in different ſizes, few or none of which are now to be met with; many of them were afterwards, from time to time, collected and printed together, by editors of fugitive pieces, and monthly or annual collections.

Mr. Dodſley made a large and judicious collection of works of this kind, and in his miſcellany of poems will be found more of theſe poems than in any other of the ſame ſort.

Three editions of his works were printed

printed during his life, increasing in size from time to time, as detached pieces, published in the intervals, were always added to the new edition. The first was printed in a thin small octavo; the second, in two small volumes octavo; and the third and last was printed in the year 1770, in one large octavo volume, containing much more than either of the former. The name of the author was not put to either of these editions; but the several title-pages of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, "*Ignavis nunquam.*" I have collected together all his detached publications since the year 1770, and added them to those contained in the edition of that year. On searching his papers, large

large as the collection is which he left behind him, I found not any amongſt them which, I believe, he would ever have publiſhed had he lived, or ever deſigned for publication after his death; and except ſome ſhort Poems, an Eſſay on the National Debt, and ſome curſory obſervations on ſeveral paſſages in the New Teſtament, there is nothing more in this than what is contained in the laſt edition. I have added here and there, at the beginning of ſome of his poems, a ſhort note, to which, in general, though not always, is affixed the letter E. The notes to his proſe works are all added by himſelf.

To this volume is prefixed a ſhort account of the author's family, and ſome ſketches of his life and charac-

ter,

ter, which have no pretence to any merit but that which is due to truth; for they contain few or no *anecdotes*, and are written in a ſtile in which the *melliti verborum globuli, vibrantes ſententiolæ*, ſo much admired in the works of ſome modern authors, will be found to have no place.

If the reader be not tired, and lay the ſketches aſide before he arrives at the end, which, ſhort as the journey thro' them is, peradventure may happen, he will there find an extract from the book in which are regiſtered the burials in the pariſh of Bottiſham, which may make him amends for the patience he hath ſhewn, and the ſufferings he may have undergone. He will there be preſented with a copy of an entry made in that book, by the Reverend William Lort Manſell, A. M. who for ſome years before had

had been, and was then in poſſeſſion of that vicarage as ſequeſtrator, and was Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge.

He is public orator of that Univerſity, in the diſcharge of which character he eminently excels; and hath ſhewn, by what he inſerted in the regiſtry, not only his liberal anxiety to do juſtice to merit, but his abilities to do it in the moſt elegant manner.

SKETCHES

SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE

OF

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

WITH A

SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

SKETCHES, &c.

SOAME JENYNS, Esq. the author of these volumes, was born at twelve* o'clock at night, in Great Ormond-street, in London, in the year 1704. His father, Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. was descended from the ancient and respectable family

* The hour of his birth he often mentioned, sometimes adding, that, if it were difficult to answer the question proposed in Aulus Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 2. "Quæri solitum est, qui noctis "hora tertia, quartave, sive qua alia nati sunt, "uter dies natalis haberi appellarique debeat, isne "quem nox ea consecuta est, an qui dies noc-"tem consecutus est," it was still more difficult to ascertain the day of his birth; and he added farther, in his pleasant manner, that as that question had not been determined, he considered himself at liberty to choose his birth-day, and preferring the birth of the year to the day of its death, he had chosen New Year's Day, which in all civilized countries, was celebrated as a day of general festivity. He

family of the Jenyns's, of Churchill in Somerſetſhire; one of whom, about the middle of the ſixteenth century, by an intermarriage with a coheireſs of the Rowlet family, became poſſeſſed of Sandridge in the county of Hertford; whoſe deſcendant, Sir John Jenyns, was created by King James a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, and was returned to repreſent the borough of St. Alban's, in the ſecond parliament holden after the crown had deſcended to that prince.

About the middle of the laſt century a younger branch of this family ſettled in

would ſay, likewiſe, that this circumſtance attending his birth made him often laugh at the ſolemn manner in which biographers recorded the events that happened at the birth of thoſe whoſe lives they had written, as portentous of their future deſtinations or characters in life; for, though he was born in the *moment* of controverſy, yet, of all ſubjects in which the learned engaged, that was to him the moſt diſagreeable.

Cambridgeſhire,

Cambridgeſhire, which county was repreſented in three parliaments by John, the elder brother of Sir Roger.

Sir Roger's reſidence in the country was at Ely, in the Iſle of Ely, where he ſpent much of his time in an application to thoſe kinds of buſineſs which render gentlemen who live in the country moſt ſerviceable to their neighbours, and thereby procure them that degree of weight and reſpect which will always attend on ſuch a character. He was an upright, knowing, and diligent magiſtrate, a great encourager of induſtry, and at enmity with vice and its parent idleneſs; a conſtant promoter of good and orderly government, both by precept and example. Amongſt other objects of his attention to the intereſts of the public, he exceedingly laboured in carrying into execution the draining of the great level of the fens; went through all the higher offices in that corporation, which was created by an act of Parliament paſſed in the time

of Charles the Second, for that work, and this with great reputation to himſelf and advantage to the country.

In the laſt century, every mark of diſtinction from the crown ſtamped a value on him who received it. The ingenuity of oppoſitions to miniſters had not, at that time, endeavoured, by a vein of ridicule which hath ſince been adopted with too much effect, to lower and bring into contempt the leſs honors of the crown; and the order of knighthood was then eſteemed by gentlemen as a real mark of royal favour, and received by them as ſuch with the profoundeſt gratitude. This honour was ſometimes conferred on thoſe, who, in their reſpective counties, had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their zeal and activity in the diſtrict where they reſided, when it was openly attacked by riot and diſorder; at other times it was a reward for a general conduct, manifeſting itſelf by an exemplary life, in the performance of ſuch civil duties as the reſpective ſtations

in which gentlemen were placed gave them an opportunity of performing. On the latter of theſe grounds, this honor was conferred on Roger Jenyns, Eſq; by his Majeſty king William, at his palace at Kenſington, on the ninth day of January, 1693-4* The mother of our author was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Hayden, in the county of Eſſex, baronet; a moſt beautiful woman, and endued with an excellent underſtanding, which ſhe had improved by reading, much beyond what was the faſhion of thoſe times in the education of the daughters of gentlemen: ſhe was well inſtructed in the principles of religion, which ſhe manifeſted both by her life and in her converſation; and theſe excellencies were ſtill heightened by the moſt poliſhed manners. As it was the faſhion in ancient Rome to be educated "Non

* London Gazette, from *January* the 11th to *January* the 15th 1693-4, N° 3556.

« in cella emptæ nutricis, ſed gremio et « ſinu matris * :" ſo was our author brought up, under the care of his excellent mother, till that time when it becomes proper to take children out of the nurſery, and to conſign the further inſtitution of them to tutors, whoſe province it is to open to young minds thoſe ſtorehouſes of ancient learning, on which their future intellectual improvements for the moſt part depend. To the Rev. Mr. Hill, introduced into the family for that purpoſe, ſhe ſurrendered up her charge, to which ſhe had with ſo much diligence attended, that the tutor received his pupil poſſeſſed of all that knowledge, and grounded with all thoſe principles of virtue and religion, which at that early period the infant mind is capable of, or ought to receive.

Under the care of Mr. Hill he continued ſome time, who, after he had taught

* Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus. Brotier's edition, quarto, Paris, 1771, vol. iv. page 151.

him

him the firſt rudiments of language, and of ſuch branches of knowledge as were proper for his age, was called off to purſuits that promiſed him greater advantages than he could expect to derive from his ſole attention to the education of the ſon of a private gentleman.

The anxiety of the family on the important point of our author's education, made them very induſtrious in procuring a proper ſucceſſor; which was amply ſatisfied by their having prevailed on the Rev. Stephen White to undertake the charge. Mr. White was the brother of him who afterwards diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral controverſial pieces with the Diſſenters; and he was himſelf eminent for his learning, good taſte, and great ingenuity; and, having no object but the improvement of his pupil, continued his care of him till it was neceſſary to finiſh his education by a removal of him to one of our univerſities.

It rarely happens that any thing is or

can be recorded of the life of ſchool-boys; a remark that may be applied even to ſuch as receive their education in thoſe great royal ſeminaries, founded for the advancement of religion and learning; where ambition and emulation muſt have ſuch an effect on young minds, as can never be produced in a ſolitary domeſtic education. In the latter, no rival is to be dreaded; no ambition can be gratified by obtaining prizes, as rewards of ſuperior merit, or the ſurrounding applauſe of a little world in embryo; no calls for that addreſs, ſagacity, and conduct, all which are in ſome ſort neceſſary to promote the happineſs of thoſe who are to paſs the firſt part of their lives in the numerous ſocieties of youths, many of whom are afterwards to act conſiderable parts on the great ſtage of the world. Notwithſtanding the want of theſe incitements, which in a private education can never be holden forth, yet our author hath left behind him exerciſes in Engliſh, and in both the dead

dead languages, whence at that time the heights might have been eaſily foreſeen, to which his underſtanding would afterwards attain.

The time was now come in which he was to take leave of a domeſtic education, and change it for that which is only to be met with in the Britiſh univerſities. His father had purchaſed Bottiſham Hall, in the village of Bottiſham, where he reſided with his family; and, as it was not far diſtant from Cambridge, that univerſity was fixed on for the place in which his ſon was to make a progreſs in his future ſtudies.

St. John's College was at that time a ſociety, as it hath continued to be ever ſince, eminent as a ſeat of religion, learning, and diſcipline.

Into this ſociety he was admitted as a fellow-commoner, in the year 1722*, under

* Soame Jenyns Middleſexienſis, Rogeri Jenyns, Equitis Aurati nat. Londinas. Literis inſtitutus in

under Dr. Edmondſon, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

In this college he lived, except at thoſe times ſet apart for vacations, near three years, purſuing with great induſtry the courſe of ſtudies in which young men of fortune at that time were inſtituted.

His behaviour whilſt he reſided there was moſt orderly and regular, and the diſcipline of the college was by no means diſagreeable to his natural inclination, inſomuch that he was often heard to ſay, after he had left the univerſity, that he accounted the days he had lived there amongſt thoſe which were the happieſt in his life.

From the time he left Cambridge, his reſidence in winter was in London, and in the ſummer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived. His purſuits were chiefly literary, and, though

ædibus paternis a Magiſtris Hill et White. Annos habens 17, admiſſus Penſionarius Major, Tutore et Fidejuſſore ejus Doctore Edmondſon, Julii 2, 1722. Ex Libro Admiſſionum Coll. Div. Johan. Cantab.

his

his name was not put to the publication, in the year 1727, of his Art of Dancing, inſcribed to lady Fanny Fielding, yet the author was ſoon diſcovered, and it was conſidered as a preſage of what might afterwards be expected from him.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimouſly choſen one of the repreſentatives for the county of Cambridge; from which time he ſat in parliament until the year 1780, repreſenting, during thoſe thirty-eight years, either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when on the call of a new parliament, in the year 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in the county of Suffolk; but on lord Dupplin's going up to the houſe of lords, he vacated his ſeat by the acceptance of the office of ſteward of the Chiltern hundreds, and ſucceeded him as repreſentative of the borough of Cambridge. The conſtant and uniform opinion, which thoſe who choſe him entertained

tertained of his parliamentary conduct, cannot be more ſtrongly evinced than by the unanimity of their choice; for he had only one oppoſition, and that from election-adventurers, one of whom not long after, as it often happens to the diſturbers of eſtabliſhed intereſts, appeared in the Gazette amongſt the ſad liſt of bankrupts.

In the year 1755, his late Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint him one of the lords commiſſioners of the board for Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to ſit until an alteration was made in its conſtitution by parliament, and the buſineſs of it transferred to the great officers of ſtate, and thoſe who are in the liſt of his Majeſty's honorable privy council.

He was twice married, firſt to Mary the ſole daughter of colonel Soame, of Dereham in Norfolk; who dying without iſſue, he afterwards married Elizabeth the daughter of Henry Grey, Eſq. of Hackney,

ney, in the county of Middleſex, who ſurvived him.—He died of a fever, after a few days illneſs, on the 18th day of December, 1787, at his houſe in Tilney-ſtreet, Audley-ſquare, leaving no iſſue.

He was a man of great mildneſs, gentleneſs, and ſweetneſs of temper, which he manifeſted to all with whom he had concerns, either in the buſineſs of life or its ſocial intercourſe. His earneſt deſire was, as far as it was poſſible, never to offend any perſon; and he made ſuch allowances, even for thoſe who in their diſpoſitions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable inſtances. He was ſtrict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a conſtant practiſer of them in private; ever profeſſing the greateſt veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law eſtabliſhed; holding her liturgy as the pureſt and moſt perfect form of public worſhip in any eſtabliſhed church in Chriſtendom:

but;

but, though he gave it the preference in compariſon with other churches, which, with Grotius, he thought had departed from the inſtitutions of the more primitive Chriſtian church *, yet he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its preſent ſtate, and which he earneſtly deſired to have ſeen accompliſhed by thoſe who were properly authorized. But though ſuch was his diſpoſition, ſuch his deſire, he at the ſame time expreſſed his moſt ardent wiſh that it might remain in its preſent form, until the alterations propoſed to be made therein were all agreed upon and finally

* Certum mihi eſt λειτουργιαν Anglicanam, item morem imponendi manus adoleſcentibus in baptiſmi memoriam, autoritatem Epiſcoporum, preſbyteria ex ſolis paſtoribus compoſita, multaque alia ejuſmodi, ſatis congruere inſtitutis vetuſtioris Eccleſiæ, a quibus in Gallia et Belgio receſſum negare non poſſumus.—Epiſtola ad Gedeoni, a Boetſlaer et Aſperen. Grotii Opera, Amſterdam. 1687.

ſettled;

ſettled; for he wiſely foreſaw the dangerous conſequences that may ariſe to a long-eſtabliſhed religious or civil government, from altering or doing away any part of it, however warranted by reaſon or ſound policy, before it is abſolutely determined what ſhall in future be adopted. In private life he was moſt amiable and engaging, for he was poſſeſſed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the moſt lively, ſpirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiouſly amongſt thoſe with whom he converſed, but which was tempered with ſuch a kindneſs of nature, that it never was the cauſe of uneaſineſs to any of thoſe with whom he lived: this made his acquaintance much ſought after and courted by all thoſe who had a taſte for brilliant converſation, being well aſſured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not poſſeſs the ſame talent, they never would be cenſured by him becauſe they wanted it.

This

This ſo gentle an exertion of ſo rare a quality he not only ſtrictly obſerved himſelf, but was always much hurt if he obſerved the want of it in others; and conſidered every ſally of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of thoſe who heard it, as one of its greateſt abuſes, ſince he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, beſtowed by nature as much for the happineſs of others, as of thoſe who poſſeſs them.

And in this his delightful converſation he ſo totally abſtained from recurring to Religion or Scripture as ſubjects of his wit, that thoſe who lived moſt with him could not help obſerving, that in his common and unguarded ſocial hours, he ever ſtrictly abſtained from uſing the name of the Supreme Being, unleſs when it was rendered neceſſary by the immediate ſubject of the converſation.

No perſon ever felt more for the miſeries of others than he did; no perſon ſaw, or more ſtrictly practiſed, the neceſſity impoſed

impoſed on thoſe who form the ſuperior ranks of life, whoſe duty it is to reconcile the lower claſſes to their preſent condition, by contributing the utmoſt to make them happy; and thereby to cauſe them to feel as little of that difference as is poſſible; for he was moſt kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expreſſions and in his behaviour, but in aſſiſting them in all their wants and diſtreſſes, as far as he could; ever conſidering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as ſuch, entitled to his care and protection.

He ſpent his ſummers at his houſe in the country, reſiding there with hoſpitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never ſuffered any places at that ſeaſon calculated for public diverſions to allure him; for he ſaid he could at that time do more good in his own pariſh than in any other ſituation.

He frequently lamented the prevailing faſhion of the later times of his life, which carried

carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deſerted by all whoſe abſence can be diſpenſed with, to places far diſtant from their houſes and ancient ſeats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of thoſe who wiſh to continue the ſcenes of diſſipation they have left: whence it is, that the money which ſhould revert to the diſtricts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in ſome degree entitled to, from its expenditure amongſt them; hoſpitality done away, and the ſtream of charity, that would otherwiſe have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is ſtopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worſe, which neceſſarily occaſions great miſchiefs to the public.

Such

Such was the author in his private walk of life; and the principles on which that conduct was founded, when expanded as motives for his public character in a larger ſphere of action, rendered him equally praiſe-worthy in that as in the former.

When he was in the country, he conſtantly acted as a magiſtrate in his own diſtrict, and attended all thoſe meetings which were holden for the purpoſes of public juſtice.

From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and ſuperior underſtanding, he was much reſorted to in that character at home. From his natural ſagacity, quick diſcernment, and long experience, on hearing and examining the parties, he ſeldom failed of obtaining a compleat knowledge of the caſes that came before him; and was thereby enabled to determine according to the rules of compleat juſtice; always giving his reaſons for what he did,

with a clearneſs and perſpicuity peculiar to himſelf, and thoſe reaſons expreſſed in words ſo accommodated to the underſtanding of all who heard him, that few or none departed diſſatisfied with his deciſions. Though he was not bred to the ſtudy of the law, his underſtanding, like old Cato * in his character by Livy, was ſuch, that he could apply it to every purpoſe for which it was wanted. When in the courſe of converſation, among other topics that aroſe, the duty of a magiſtrate had its place, and the pains attending it, as alſo the difficulties from the number and variety of powers with which the legiſlature had entruſted him were aſſerted, he uſed to ſay, that he thought himſelf ſingularly happy, that, on a recollection of the many years he had acted in the commiſſion of the peace, he had never been called to the Court of

* Huic verſatile ingenium ſic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres quodcunque ageret.—Liv. lib. 39. cap. 40.

King's Bench to account for his not underſtanding an act of parliament, of which he was often one of the makers; which had ſometimes happened to thoſe in his ſituation; and that he had been amply compenſated for the pains he had taken, and the difficulties he had met with during his long exerciſe of that civil office, by the many opportunities which he had been gratified with of reconciling thoſe who came before him inflamed with the higheſt degree of hatred to each other; for he conſidered that beatitude, which is pronounced on the peace-makers, as an eſſential part of the internal evidence of the truth of the Chriſtian religion.

His firſt entrance into parliament was in the laſt year of the adminiſtration of that able and honeſt miniſter Sir Robert Walpole, whoſe memory hath a title to be enrolled amongſt the faithfulleſt ſervants of the crown, and trueſt friends to the liberties and real intereſts of the people, that the Britiſh empire hath been bleſſed

with during the preſent or any former century.

Through this year our author attended all long days and nights in the Houſe of Commons, which the oppoſition ſpent in hunting that miniſter into the toils, which they had made to take him, under the hackneyed and ſpecious colour of purſuing the enemies to the happineſs and intereſts of the country.

Unknown to Sir Robert, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he ſupported him to the utmoſt of his power, till he retired from his high ſtation, making room for thoſe who ſoon ſhewed the loſs the nation ſuſtained by the ſad exchange. After he had retired, and received the ſtrongeſt mark of his royal maſter's favour he could beſtow, as a teſtimony of the ſenſe he entertained of his faithful ſervices to him and his kingdoms, our author waited upon Sir Robert at his houſe at Chelſea, to congratulate him on his having received

ceived ſo gracious a mark of what he had deſerved for his unwearied zeal and abilities in the long ſervice of his country; when, amongſt other things which then paſſed in converſation, Lord Orford acknowledged the ſupport he had given him, during the ſhort time he had ſitten in parliament, and that, in expreſſions of great thankfulneſs; at the ſame time declaring, that had thoſe to whom he had, during his meridian of power, ſhewn the greateſt friendſhip, and loaded with all the favours he could confer on them, but borne as kind diſpoſitions to him as he had done, who had not been diſtinguiſhed by any particular regard, he would not then have paid a viſit to an ex-miniſter.

Long before he came into parliament, he had lived in the world with thoſe of the beſt faſhion, from which ſociety the hiſtory of thoſe who took the moſt active part in both Houſes of Parliament, their connections, principles, and objects,

might be eaſily obtained; of which opportunities he did not fail to avail himſelf, as from no other ſource, at that period, could ſuch knowledge, with any degree of certainty, be had. For, during the modeſty and decency of thoſe times, no one preſumed every day to publiſh to the world all the particulars of what paſſed in the great council of the nation. The people were then ſatisfied with written papers, known by the name of minutes, which were left at coffee-houſes in the evenings during the ſitting of parliaments, barely ſtating the buſineſs that day before the Houſe, and whether the Houſe were likely to break up early or to ſit late. After the end of a ſeſſions, during the prorogation, in the ſummer-time, the publiſhers of magazines inſerted in theſe monthly pamphlets ſome of the ſpeeches, delivered by the members in parliament; but this was done under feigned names, or real names ſo concealed by the manner in which they were ſpelled, as plainly ſhewed the publiſher's apprehenſion of the danger

danger he incurred of cenſure or puniſhment from ſo unconſtitutional a proceeding.

At that time no publiſher of a daily morning paper ever thought of, or preſumed to ſolicit an entrance into the gallery of the houſe of commons, either to take notes of what paſſes during a debate, or by the ſtrength of memory to retail to the public every morning during the ſeſſions, what had paſſed there the preceding day—by which means the names of the ſpeakers, and what was ſaid by them on ſubjects of the greateſt political conſequence to the empire, are circulated all over Europe, and tell to foreign ſtates, whether friends or enemies, the opinions of the ableſt men in the kingdom, on its ſtrength, its weakneſs, where and when it may be aſſailed to the greateſt advantage by thoſe ſtates with whom it is at war, or which from ambition, or any other motive, may in time of peace meditate its attack. Happily for thoſe times, there were none who

dared thus to infringe an uſage, which, like all other uſages obtaining there, is the law of parliament.

However this may be, our author having ſeen, obſerved, and well conſidered the cauſes and progreſs of the oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole, and having weighed the end and conſequences of it, this gave him an early diſtaſte to oppoſitions in general; and nothing that paſſed afterwards in parliament, during the long time he ſat there, ever tended to produce any alteration in his mind on that ſubject. He had with great induſtry ſtudied the conſtitution, and few men underſtood it better, and, from underſtanding it, no man held it in higher veneration, being himſelf firmly convinced, that of all forms of civil government, that of theſe kingdoms had mixed in it the feweſt imperfections of any other recorded in ancient or modern ſtory, being from time to time produced by the experience of ages, during which the wiſeſt and ableſt ſtateſmen had

ſeverally,

ſeverally, as occaſion offered, contributed their great talents to raiſe it to that pre-eminent excellence it obtains over all others.

Not being bred to any profeſſion, or early inſtituted in civil buſineſs, by which the powers of ſpeaking in public are often called forth and nurtured, though endued with great quickneſs of comprehenſion, which enabled him well to underſtand, not only what others ſaid, but what they meant by the ſeveral parts they took in debate, a faculty of diſcrimination moſt neceſſary in popular aſſemblies; yet not having that *prompta et profuſa eloquentia* which Tacitus aſcribes to Auguſtus, and which our author thought thoſe ought to have, who called for, and claimed the ſole attention of a great aſſembly, he ſeldom or ever ſpoke, whilſt ſitting in parliament.

From having long had a ſeat at the board of trade, and conſtantly attending his duty there, he gained an underſtanding

ing of the great outlines of the commercial intereſts of this country; and, though he never employed himſelf in acquiring the knowledge of a minute detail of its particular branches, yet, when general commerce happened to be the ſubject of converſation, he diſcourſed upon it pertinently, and much to the information of thoſe that were preſent, having never failed to avail himſelf of the knowledge which was brought to that board by merchants of the firſt eminence, who frequently applied to it on great objects of national concern, as connected with its commerce. Though he never publiſhed any thing on this ſubject, yet it was an object that engaged much of his attention, and on which he had made up in his mind certain principles, from which he never departed; in moſt of which, thoſe to whom he communicated them deemed him well warranted.

He always conſidered the Britiſh empire as enlarged beyond the bounds dictated by

by ſound policy; that thoſe parts of it ſituated beyond the Atlantic Ocean to the weſt, beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the eaſt, were at too great a diſtance to be governed as they ought to be; that the American colonies were too kindly foſtered by the mother country; that the millions expended in promoting their growth would, at laſt, rear them to a height at which they would think themſelves entitled to aſk for emancipation from their parent ſtate; an obſervation he often made before the event happened, and he lived to ſee with regret his prophecy, with conſequences he did not foreſee, become true hiſtory.

He always beheld our conqueſts in the Eaſt Indies with a real concern, and conſidered the great influx of wealth, brought thence into this country, by the individuals who had there acquired it, as an ample revenge for the unjuſt depredations committed on the territorial poſſeſſions of their princes, ever conſidering thoſe depredations

predations as being the moſt enormous acts of injuſtice that could be ſhewn from one ſtate to another, and that this was heightened by a moſt flagrant act of ingratitude for the original permiſſion of commercial eſtabliſhments made on their coaſts, in order that trade might be carried on to more advantage; for which permiſſion the natives were entitled to the moſt perfect amity, and every public ſocial intercourſe ſhewn to the moſt favoured nations. Sometimes he would add, that though Aſia had in her turn been often conquered by all who attacked her, yet that the wealth brought from thence by the conquerors into their reſpective dominions, had always introduced with it ſo great luxury, that thereby thoſe virtues by which they became conquerors, were at laſt enfeebled and done away, inſomuch that Aſia in her turn became the conqueror; of which he inſtanced, amongſt others, the decline and fall of the Roman empire as a laſting evidence. He conſidered

dered the Eaſt Indies and America as two immenſe diſproportionate wings to the ſmall body of the iſland, and expreſſed his fears leſt, at ſome time or other, they might fly away with the Britiſh empire.

As an author, ſo long as a true taſte of fine writing ſhall exiſt, he will have a diſtinguiſhed place amongſt thoſe who have excelled. Whatever he hath publiſhed, whether he played with his muſe, or appeared in the plain livery of proſe, was ſought for with avidity, and read with pleaſure, by thoſe who at the time were eſteemed the beſt judges of compoſition. A minute criticiſm on their ſeveral excellences is unneceſſary, as the public ſanction hath ſtamped their merit. Suffice it to ſay, that his poems are on the moſt pleaſing ſubjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, ſterling wit, and, at the ſame time, great correctneſs.

He wonderfully excelled in burleſque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumſtances;

circumſtances; which might be well expected, after his ſhort but excellent ſtrictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book of Horace's Epiſtles, inſcribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwick.

How far he followed the rules there laid down, muſt be determined by thoſe who ſhall read and compare the original with the tranſlation; in which it may be found, that in this kind of imitation he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever loſing ſight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

He had, for many years before he died, bid farewell to his muſe, and, in the language of Lord Bacon, applied himſelf to ſuch ſubjects as come home—though not to men's buſineſs, yet cloſe to their boſoms. But, long as the parting had been, yet almoſt in the laſt ſtage of his life, impelled by affection, he courted his muſe again.

again. The ſincere and ſtrong affection he bore to his Majeſty, produced the ſhort poem on his eſcape from the dangerous attack of a lunatic, in which it appears, that however, when compared with his early poems, the ſun of his imagination was at that time almoſt ſet, yet age had not in the leaſt degree chilled in his heart the effuſions of benevolence and affection.

The compliment to Lady Saliſbury is without flattery, ſhort, and elegant; the cloſe of it is lively and ſtriking, becauſe unexpected.

As a writer of proſe, whoever will examine his ſtile, will find that he is entitled to a place amongſt the pureſt and correcteſt writers of the Engliſh language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath at the ſame time a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwiſe tire and diſguſt the reader with their ſameneſs; a failure which may be found in ſome of the works

works of thoſe to whom the public have aſcribed a ſuperior degree of merit. But this variety occaſions no difficulty or embarraſſment in the ſenſe intended to be conveyed, which always at firſt ſight appears clear, and is eaſy to be comprehended, ſo that the reader is never ſtopped in his progreſs to ſtudy what is meant.

This is his characteriſtic as a writer, on whatever ſubject he engaged, whether it were ſerious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphyſical. His matter is always moſt pertinent to the ſubject which he handles; he reaſons with cloſeneſs and preciſion, and always, by a regular chain of argument, arrives at the concluſions which he profeſſes is his deſign to eſtabliſh. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifeſting at ſome times the trueſt humour and the moſt lively wit, at other times the moſt regular chain of argument, with the niceſt diſcrimination and marked differences of

abſtract

abſtract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit conſiſts in quickly aſſembling ideas, and putting thoſe together with readineſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, in carefully ſeparating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I ſay, he cannot but allow that our author was one of thoſe very few who have appeared in the world poſſeſſed of theſe two almoſt diſcordant talents of the underſtanding. — The Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, was the firſt of the author's works on account of which he was attacked. Pamphlets were publiſhed, and private letters addreſſed to him, on that occaſion, ſome of them charged with great acrimony, much abuſe, and no ſmall portion of calumny. In a ſecond edition of that work, publiſhed ſome years after the firſt, having long ſubmitted with ſilent patience to a treatment which he by no means deſerved, in a preface to that edition he anſwered his

adverſaries, which whoever will take the pains to read and conſider, will admire as a ſpecimen of his ſuperior talents in controverſial writing. With great ſagacity and perſpicuity he anſwers his numerous hoſt of adverſaries; at the ſame time, forgetting all the obloquy with which they had loaded him, he never loſes ſight of that candour, civility, and good-humour, which he had always obſerved, as well in his writings as in his converſation. Convinced that he had been much miſunderſtood, by thoſe who had written againſt him, after having done all in his power to remove their miſapprehenſion, and aſſiſt their underſtanding, leſt he might not have ſucceeded in that attempt, he makes the ſincereſt, the cleareſt, and the moſt liberal declaration of the end propoſed by him in writing that treatiſe, in the following words:—"That his intentions were "to reconcile the numerous evils ſo con- "ſpicuous in the creation, with the wiſ- "dom, power, and goodneſs of the Crea- "tor;

" tor; to ſhew that no more of them are
" admitted by him than are neceſſary to-
" wards promoting univerſal good; and
" from thence to perſuade men to an en-
" tire reſignation to his all-wiſe, but in-
" comprehenſible diſpenſations. To aſ-
" certain the nature of virtue, and to en-
" force the practice of it; to prove the
" certainty of a future ſtate, and the juſ-
" tice of the rewards and puniſhments
" that will attend it; to recommend ſub-
" miſſion to national governments, and
" conformity to national religions, not-
" withſtanding the evils and defects
" which muſt unavoidably adhere to
" them; and laſtly, to ſhew the excel-
" lence and credibility of the Chriſtian
" revelation, to reconcile ſome of its moſt
" abſtruſe doctrines with reaſon, and to
" anſwer all thoſe objections to its autho-
" rity, which have been drawn from its
" imperfections and abuſes. Theſe, and
" theſe only, were his intentions." To
the truth of this ſolemn declaration, all

thoſe who knew the great ſincerity of the author's heart, from which on no occaſion he was ever known to depart, will readily ſubſcribe their unfeigned aſſent.

In the ſummer of the year 1776, he publiſhed a View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, without his name; the reception it met with was ſuch as ſeldom is ſhewn to the compoſitions of the moſt approved writers.

This was a work with which the clergy, the laity, were in general pleaſed, many of them delighted; it was tranſlated into foreign languages, and in a ſhort time went through three editions, to the laſt of which, by the advice of his friends, the author put his name. It was written under a full conviction of the truth of the Chriſtian diſpenſation, and a ſincere zeal for its ſervice. Warmed with the principles it requires, and the duties it commands, the picture he draws of its excellencies is moſt exact in its outline; the parts beautifully arranged, and the whole

whole glows with the moſt animated colouring.

The author, ſtruck with the beauties of its principles and doctrines, ſo eſſential to the happineſs of human creatures in the preſent and a future ſtate, thought that a ſhort and clear repreſentation of their internal excellence might allure the attention, and procure a belief in the truth of the Chriſtian religion, from thoſe who read but little and think leſs, and who form too conſiderable a part of the bulk of mankind, not to attract the notice and care of him who felt himſelf intereſted in the happineſs of the whole human race.

Though this book was attacked, and the author treated with a very unbecoming aſperity, by two able writers, yet the number of private letters he received, from thoſe on whom this work had the effect his benevolent intention propoſed, more than conſoled him for the rude treatment he received from ſuch writers.

Thoſe letters, many of which the author received, contain acknowledgments from ſeveral perſons, whom this book had led from unbelief to a full conviction of the truths he had endeavoured to eſtabliſh; they are written with that humility and pious gratitude, which the primitive Chriſtians expreſſed to their inſtructors in the wonderful diſpenſation of the goſpel.

The good effects of this work were not confined to this country, they operated in diſtant worlds, and did that which perhaps neither of thoſe writers who attacked him, though profeſſed ſervants of Chriſt, ever accompliſhed; for it propagated their Maſter's religion in India, as appears by a letter from thence, in which the writer, confeſſing his former infidelity, and the pains he had long in vain taken, by the means of books recommended to him, written on the truth of the Chriſtian religion, to give his aſſent to it, concludes in theſe words: "I eagerly wiſhed to believe, but could "not

" not ſatisfactorily. But now, I thank
" God, Soame Jenyns's reaſons have, I
" hope, triumphed over all my doubts,
" and I have given an unfeigned and full
" aſſent to his three propoſitions, which,
" in my opinion, prove all that is wanted
" to be cleared up."

Thus much is ſufficient for the purpoſe deſigned by theſe imperfect ſketches; in which, the writer truſts, he hath withſtood the temptation, from partiality and affection to the memory of departed friends, to emblazon their characters in colours to which they were not ſtrictly entitled; for, amiable as the principle is, every miſapplication of it is unwarrantable, on account of the ſuperior excellence of truth. To thoſe who are now alive, to whom the author was known (and many ſuch there are, of the moſt reſpectable diſtinction) the editor ſubmits the portrait, not as being finely, but faithfully, drawn.

To poſterity he leaves the following entry, the original of which may be found

in the regiſtry of burials, in the pariſh of Bottiſham, for the year 1787, as an evidence of what hath been advanced in the foregoing ſheets.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of his age.

What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itſelf;
But it remains for his Pariſh Miniſter
to do his duty,
By declaring,
That while he regiſters the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,
He regrets the loſs of one of *the moſt amiable of men*,
And one of *the trueſt Chriſtians*.
To the Pariſh of Bottiſham he is an irreparable loſs.
He was buried in this church, Dec. 27, near midnight,
By William Lort Manſell, ſequeſtrator;
Who thus tranſgreſſes the common forms of a Regiſter,

Merely

Merely becauſe he thinks it to be
The moſt ſolemn and laſting method
of recording to poſterity,
That the *fineſt underſtanding*
Has been united
To the *beſt heart*.

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THE

THE

ART OF DANCING.

A

POEM.

Inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728.

THE ART OF DANCING.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FANNY FIELDING*.

CANTO I.

IN the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly tho' ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred Choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding lyre:
When FIELDING bids, your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;

* Lady Fanny Fielding was the youngeſt of the ſix daughters of Baſil, Earl of Denbigh and Deſmond, by his wife Heſter, daughter of Sir Baſil Firebraſs, Bart. She was one of the fineſt dancers of her time, but more diſtinguiſhed for her beauty and amiable manners. She married Daniel, the ſeventh Earl of Winchelſea, and third Earl of Nottingham, in the year 1729, and died in the year 1734.

Oh may her eyes (to her this verſe is due)
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!
Hail lovelieſt art! that canſt all hearts inſnare,
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;
But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A VENUS drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as ſhe turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, ſhe ſends a piercing dart;

In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing dangers of her eyes,
For, PARTHIAN like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind;
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly Jig diſplays the nimble fair;
At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now, what we admir'd before:
So when ÆNEAS in the TYRIAN grove,
Fair VENUS met, the charming queen of Love,
The beauteous Goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,
And graceful ſtep confeſs bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the Goddeſs opens to his eyes.

Now haſte, my Muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way,
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay,
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.

The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within;
The milk-maid ſafe thro' driving rains and ſnows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
While the ſoft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The woolly drab, and Engliſh broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;
Rather let him his active limbs diſplay
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs,
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſole, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.
But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?

Or in his fob enlivening ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the fainting fair?
Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bondage be unty'd?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leſt ſnowy clouds from out their wigs ariſe:
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare,
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft their ſtockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view;
For you the ſilk-worms fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow,
For you the ſea reſigns its pearly ſtore,
And earth unlocks her mines of treaſur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts beſtows,
Unleſs yourſelves with art thoſe gifts diſpoſe.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dreſs preſcrib'd can ſuit with all;
One brighteſt ſhines when wealth and art combine
To make the finiſh'd piece completely fine;
When leaſt adorn'd, another ſteals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In ſome are ſuch reſiſtleſs graces found,
That in all dreſſes they are ſure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids deſpiſe,
And gems but borrow luſtre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whoſe plump cheeks is ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in chearful green;
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go;
So in their graſſy bed freſh roſes blow:
The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow ſhould o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with ſickneſs or deſpair,
The ſable's mournful dye ſhould chuſe to wear;
So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all thoſe treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;

Dancing's

Dancing's a touchſtone that true beauty tries,
Nor ſuffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The roſy bluſh, and ſkin of lovely hue,
Yet ſoon the dance will cauſe the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of ſnow:
So ſhine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilſt frozen gems beſpangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear cryſtal of the glitt'ring ſnow,
With ſcarlet dye the bluſhing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories riſe,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay
The ſplendid ſcenes, their glories fade away,
The fields reſign the beauties not their own,
And all their ſnowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in ſuch momentous points adviſe,
I ſhould condemn the hoop's enormous ſize:
Of ills I ſpeak by long experience found,
Oft' have I trod th' immeaſurable round,
And mourn'd my ſhins bruis'd black with many a wound.

Nor

Nor ſhould the tighten'd ſtays, too ſtraitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the ſlender waiſt;
Nor waving lappets ſhould the dancing Fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by HYMEN's power,
Together join'd in ſome ill-fated hour,
The more they ſtrive their freedom to regain,
The faſter binds th' indiſſoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be diſgrac'd,
Ever be ſure to tie her garters faſt,
Leſt the loos'd ſtring, amidſt the public ball,
A wiſh'd-for prize to ſome proud fop ſhould fall,
Who the rich treaſure ſhall triumphant ſhow;
And with warm bluſhes cauſe her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the ſelf-ſame ways
She humbles many, ſome delights to raiſe)
It happen'd once, a fair illuſtrious dame
By ſuch neglect acquir'd immortal fame.

And

And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if fame ſays true:
Hence ſtill, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long ſince moulder'd in the duſky tomb,
Still thy loſt Garter is thy ſovereign's care,
And what each royal breaſt is proud to wear.
But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Leſt they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye Fair, the pretty toy aſide,
A toy at once diſplay'd, for uſe and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that, by magic charms,
Cools your own breaſts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard ſhall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verſe can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uſes, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When ſecret ſorrows her ſad boſom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:
Its ſticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,

When

When the kind virgin burns with ſecret ſhame;
Dies to conſent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its ſhake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my muſe, th' extenſive theme to ſing,
Nor truſt in ſuch a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cauſe it firſt deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in ARCADIA, that fam'd ſeat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and ſweetly-blooming face;
FANNY the damſel's name, as chaſte as fair;
Each virgin's envy, and each ſwain's deſpair;
To charm her ear the rival ſhepherds ſing,
Blow the ſoft flute, and wake the trembling ſtring,
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilſt FANNY's name reſounds thro' ev'ry grove,
And ſpreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love,

As

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'Twas when the ſummer ſun now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had ſcorch'd the glowing ſky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling ſhade,
To ſhun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The ſultry weather o'er her cheeks had ſpread
A bluſh, that added to their native red,
And her fair breaſt as poliſh'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to ſight:
ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Obſerv'd the beauteous maid, as thus ſhe lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And ſuck'd in poiſon at the dangerous ſight;
He ſighs, he burns; at laſt declares his pain,
But ſtill he ſighs, and ſtill he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one ZEPHYR to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the ſultry day;

By

By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales inceſſant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

CANTO II.

NOW ſee prepar'd to lead the ſprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dreſs'd youths advance;
The ſpacious room receives each jovial gueſt,
And the floor ſhakes with pleaſing weight oppreſt:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry ſide, with various dyes
The fair in gloſſy ſilks our ſight ſurprize;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial ſhow'rs,
A thouſand ſorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips riſe,
And in a gay confuſion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large ſconces ſhed their ſparkling beams of light,
Their ſparkling beams, that ſtill more brightly glow
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air;
The ſprightly fiddle, and the ſounding lyre,
Each youthful breaſt with gen'rous warmth inſpire;

Fraught with all joys the bliſsful moments fly,
Whilſt muſic melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.
Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen Fair;
The Fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardour fly.
But ſtay, raſh pair, nor yet untaught advance,
Firſt hear the muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide;
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning rein;
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.
Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
Hence loſt in error, and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry maſter taught a different way;

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus. OVID.

† —— Nec audit currus habenas. VIRG.

Hence

Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
Thro' various hands in wild confuſion toſt,
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;
Till * FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry ſtep in laſting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Tho' mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;
Hence with her ſiſter arts, ſhall dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame;
And ISAAC's rigadoon ſhall live as long,
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's ſong.
Wiſe Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;

* Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.

To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft ITALIA's charms;
BRITANNIA juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around;
But none will ſure preſume to rival FRANCE,
Whether ſhe forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
* Which from their native country take their name;
With theſe let ev'ry ball be firſt begun,
Nor country dance intrude till theſe are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
At once to heav'n he ſoars in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;

---

* French Dances.

But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy;
And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſt'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhould the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance;
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the country dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be firſt your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand,

Let them a while their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to ev'ry ſtrain:
So for the race prepar'd two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.

In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate would I adviſe:
With equal ſcorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance,——but on the woman's ſide.

And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care
A ſtupid dullneſs, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.

True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſt
By nature only to advantage dreſt;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye,

Good

Good judges no ſuch tumblers tricks regard
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.
'Tis not enough that ev'ry ſtander-by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy,
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhould ſeem an echo to your feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell,
Not to he taught, but ever to be ſeen
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's eaſy mien;
'Tis ſuch an air that makes her thouſands fall,
When FIELDING dances at a birthnight ball;
Smooth as CAMILLA ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes ſlain.
Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe,
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.

In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more)
When ALBION's crown illuſtrious ARTHUR wore,
In ſome fair op'ning glade, each ſummer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting Fairies their aſſemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble thro' the groves around;
Oft lonely ſhepherds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil,
Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids and ſun-burnt ſwains reſort,
And practiſe ev'ry night the lovely ſport;
On ev'ry ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command;

The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a gen'rous fire.
Thus taught, at firſt the Country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle, and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems and ſilks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.
So rude at firſt the Tragic muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard,
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſat beneath the ſhade;
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd,
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſkips ſhine;
Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe,

Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And Gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuſe a partner from the mingled Fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' inſtructing Muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is expreſt,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breaſt;
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut-brown cheeks another's boſom fires,
Small waiſts, and ſlender limbs ſome hearts inſnare,
Whilſt others love the more ſubſtantial Fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment ſway,
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect ſkill
When ſhe ſhould move, and when ſhe ſhould be ſtill,
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate

With

With a poor, ſimple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt as ſhe can ſtray;
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.
But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well-pair'd couples ſtand!
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the briſk ſignal for the pleaſing fight;
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy boſoms pull'd above the ſtays,
Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the ſtarting Fair.
And ſee, the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring:
So, in a wheel with rapid fury toſt,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.

The dancer here no more requires a Guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The Muſe's precepts here would uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed he can ne'er offend;
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread;
If others lead let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.
In every Country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from Fair to Fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant Fair!

Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly,
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' juſtling crowds we toil and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what,
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes ſhould hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear;

When

When you ſhould be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others ſteps delay;
But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done,
And with applauſe thro' ev'ry couple run,
There reſt a while; there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs,
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs;
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſoſter hope confeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs;
With ſmiles the Fair ſhall hear your warm deſires,
When muſic melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams diſplays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays,
Then, when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep,
With ready hand obſequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen Fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread,

Around

Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt,
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender waiſt;
With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry ſnow,
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall-beer,
Ah, thoughtleſs Fair! the tempting draught refuſe,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muſe:
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for preſent joy;
Deſtruction lurks within the pois'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled noſe.
Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The Muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part,
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the ſureſt paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye,

Delightful

Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'n in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear:
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
Theſe uſeful lines of my inſtructive muſe;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them—if he can.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD'S LIBRARY AT WIMPLE *,

An. 1729.

WHO, uninſpir'd, can tread this ſacred ground,
With all the ſons of Fame encompaſs'd round?
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant bays,
Each ſiſter Art her willing charms diſplays:

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* Wimple Hall, with the eſtate round it, was formerly the poſſeſſion of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a deſcendant of which was the gallant Lord Cutts, who ſo frequently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſeveral ſieges and battles during the war in which the great Duke of Marlborough commanded.—This eſtate was ſold by the Cutts family to the famous Sir John Cutler, who ſettled it on the marriage of his daughter with Lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards ſold it to John Hollis, Duke of Newcaſtle, in the partition of whoſe eſtates it came to the Earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country reſidence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was ſold by his family to the Chancellor Lord Hardwicke, from whom it deſcended to the preſent Earl Hardwicke.

Mellow'd

Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
There marble buſts illuſtrious faces ſhow:
And in old coins are little heroes ſeen,
With venerable ruſt of ages green:
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By Gothick fire, and Perſecution's rage,
Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes ſtand,
By Providence preſerv'd for OXFORD's hand.
Whilſt thus within theſe magic walls I ſtray,
At once all climes and ages I ſurvey:
On Fancy's wings I fly from ſhore to ſhore,
Recall paſt time, and live whole æras o'er:
Converſe with heroes fam'd in ancient ſong,
And bards, by whom thoſe heroes breathe ſo long:
Obſerve the quick migrations Learning makes,
How harraſs'd nations trembling ſhe forſakes,
And haſtes away to build her downy neſt
In happier climes, with peace and plenty bleſt.
See how, in fam'd AUGUSTUS' golden days,
Wit triumphs, crown'd with univerſal praiſe!
Approaches thrones with a majeſtic air,
The Prince's miſtreſs, and the Stateſman's care

MECÆNAS

MECÆNAS ſhines in ev'ry claſſic page,
MECÆNAS, once the HARLEY of his age.
Nor with leſs glory ſhe her charms diſplay'd,
In Albion once when Royal ANNA ſway'd.
See OXFORD ſmiles! and all the tuneful train,
In his Britannia's ſons revive again;
PRIOR, like HORACE, ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
And in harmonious POPE once more great MARO ſings.
Again ſhe waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his ſon:
Chas'd from the ſenate and the court ſhe flies,
There craft and party zeal her place ſupplies.
Yet ſtill, ſince fix'd in WIMPLE's happy plain,
(Her laſt retreat) ſhe knows not to complain.
There in great OXFORD's converſe does engage
Th' inſtructed ear, and ſhames a vicious age;
Or in his conſort's accents ſtands confeſt,
And charms with graceful eaſe each liſt'ning gueſt;
Or with her lov'd companions gladly tied,
Goodneſs ſincere, and Beauty void of pride,
Fixes her throne in MARGARETTA's * face,
And from her lips acquires a new reſiſtleſs grace.

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, afterwards married to William, the ſecond Duke of Portland.

BONFONIUS*, Bas. XI.

Exoptat se florem illum esse, quo uteretur amica.

ERGO, floscule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente sinu usque conquiescis?
Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis
Beatus nimis insidebis usque?
O si, floscule, mî tuâ liceret
Ista sorte frui, & meæ puellæ
Incubare sinu, atque desidere
Hos inter globulos papillularum,
Non sic lentus inersque conquiescam,
Non sic insideam otiosus usque.
Sed toto spatio inquietus errem,
Et feram sinui, feramque collo
Mille basia, mille & huic & illi
Impingam globulo osculationes.

Nec

* A poet of the sixteenth century, born at Clermont, in

To a NOSEGAY in PANCHARILLA's Breaſt.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

MUST you alone then, happy flow'rs,
Ye ſhort-liv'd ſons of vernal ſhow'rs,
Muſt you alone be ſtill thus bleſt,
And dwell in PANCHARILLA's breaſt?
Oh would the Gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I ſhould not ſure ſo quickly die,
I ſhou'd not ſo unactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair ball of ſnow,
Enjoy ten thouſand thouſand bliſſes
And print on each ten thouſand kiſſes.

in Auvergne, Lieutenant General of Bar on the Seigne; who, of all the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches the neareſt to the grace, eaſe, and ſoftneſs of Tibullus.

Nec mihi ſatis hæc putes futura:
Namque & diſcere curioſus optem,
Quid diſcriminis inter hunc & illum,
Et quantus tumor hujus illiuſque;
Quantum albedine præſtet hic vel ille;
Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat;
Siniſterne globus, globuſne dexter
Figura placeat rotundiore;
An dexter globus, an globus ſiniſter
Papilla rubeat rubentiore:
Explorem quoque, quo beata ducat
Illa ſemita, quæ globos gemellos
Sic diſcriminat, & ſubeſſe clamat
Mellitum magis eleganſque quiddam:
Indagem quoque, quicquid eſt latentis,
Et labar tacitus, ferarque ſenſim,
Uſque Cypridis ad beata regna.
At mî PANCHARIDIS meæ papillas
Nec ſummo licet ore ſuaviari,
Nec levi licet attigiſſe palmâ.

O ſortem

Nor would I thus the taſk give o'er;
Curious new ſecrets to explore,
I'd never reſt till I had found
Which globe was ſofteſt, which moſt round—
Which was moſt yielding, ſmooth, and white,
Or the left boſom or the right;
Which was the warmeſt, eaſieſt bed,
And which was tip'd with pureſt red.
Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous ſcene,
Till I had trac'd the path between,
That milky way ſo ſmooth and even,
That promiſes to lead to heav'n:
Lower and lower I'd deſcend,
To find where it at laſt wou'd end;
Till fully bleſt I'd wand'ring rove
O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.
But ah! thoſe wiſhes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be bleſt,
The nymph unveils her ſnowy breaſt;
While to her ſlave's deſiring eyes,
The heav'nly proſpect ſhe denies:

O ſortem nimis aſperàm atque iniquam!
Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
Tantillum illa negat mihi ſcienti;
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id ſcienti.

Too cruel fate, too cruel Fair,
To place a ſenſeleſs noſegay there,
And yet refuſe my lips the bliſs
To taſte one dear tranſporting kiſs.

AN

EPISTLE,

Written in the COUNTRY,

TO THE

Right Hon. the Lord LOVELACE * then in Town.

SEPTEMBER, 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN firſt began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!

---

* Nevil Lord Lovelace was one of thoſe with whom the author made a friendſhip on his firſt coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of his life.—There appear ſtrong marks of his affection for him, in ſome letters wrote to his lordſhip's ſiſter, the late Lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the poſſeſſion of her deſcendants.—He was a man of letters, a friend to the Muſes, and highly faſhioned according to the breeding of thoſe days.

Then

Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaſte, and ſwains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis ſure the caſe is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley-ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And ſome for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parſon the beſt preacher,
The tinker ſome a better teacher;

Theſe,

Theſe, to the church they fight for ſtrangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While thoſe, a more believing people,
Can ſwallow all things —— but a ſteeple.
But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how theſe matters go,
And equally deteſt the ſtrife
And uſual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little ſhare
Of its diverſions, or its care;
For ſeldom I with 'ſquires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-ſeſſions, or cock-fighting.
But then no farm I occupy,
With ſheep to rot, and cows to die:
Nor rage I much, or much deſpair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a ſnare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in faſhion;
The great commiſſions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;

Militia

Militia ſcarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white ſtaff high ſheriffs hold;
The repreſentative's careſſing,
The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing;
Nor can I for my ſoul delight
In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you ſend three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With ſuperfluity of breeding
Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time ſuch plagues avoid,
And viſit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who ſpies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
Lord, how unlucky!—waſhing day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen croſs'd,
The hall door's lock'd, the key is loſt;

Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there's ſuch trampling over-head,
Madam, you'd ſwear, was brought to bed;
Miſs in a hurry burſts her lock,
To get clean ſleeves to hide her ſmock;
The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fowls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuſe, ſir,—on a ſudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each ſide;
And by and by, the ſecond courſe
Comes lagging like a diſtanc'd horſe;

A ſalver

A ſalver then to church and king,
The butler ſweats, the glaſſes ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toaſts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And as the knight more tipſy waxes,
We damn all miniſters and taxes.
At laſt the ruddy ſun quite ſunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and ſtones,
Enough to diſlocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' ſinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor buſineſs, nor diverſions pleaſe me:
You'll aſk, my Lord, how time I ſpend?
I anſwer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are ſtill my higheſt joy,
Theſe earlieſt pleaſe, and lateſt cloy.

Sometimes

Sometimes o'er diſtant climes I ſtray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;
Bound o'er rough ſeas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forſake my elbow chair.
Sometimes ſome fam'd hiſtorian's pen
Recalls paſt ages back agen,
Where all I ſee, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with ſenſeleſs rage,
Each other rob, deſtroy, and burn,
To ſerve a prieſt's, or ſtateſman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always aſſes much the ſame.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works, at variance ſet,
Strive hard who ſhall the vict'ry get;
Preſbytery and epiſcopacy
They fight ſo long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce diſpute
With reprobation abſolute;

There ſenſe kicks tranſubſtantiation,
And reaſon pecks at revelation.
With learned NEWTON now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it:
And now with lab'ring BOYLE I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleaſing admiration ſee
Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtilty;
As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
For miles around, it's ſcatter'd rays;
Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
* A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmoſphere will oft perfume
Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more:

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Or

Or wander thro' the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from ſtrife
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you;
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wiſhing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And ſeeing, in all public places,
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Would ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome tho' no treat,

One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you:
A houſe, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoke, drink, and roar,
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholeſome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRTUE.

Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater & æqui.

HOR.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRTUE.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Eſq.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can ſpoil
With the leaſt vice of each luxuriant ſoil,
Say, YORKE, (for ſure, if any, thou canſt tell)
What Virtue is, who practiſe it ſo well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely ſeen:
By what ſure mark her eſſence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up ſome fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her ſacred throne?
In man too oft a well-diſſembled part,
A ſelf-denying pride in woman's heart;

In ſynods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour uſurps her honours, and her name;
Whoe'er their ſenſe of virtue wou'd expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to chaſtity confine it.

But have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obſtruct our ſight,
Then doubt if ſuch a thing exiſts as light;
For no leſs plain wou'd nature's law appear
As the meridian ſun unchang'd, and clear,
Wou'd we but ſearch for what we were deſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then ſhould plainly ſee,
For to purſue that end muſt virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,

But a deſire his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhou'd exiſtence loſe;
His goodneſs only cou'd his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence ſoul and ſenſe diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd ſpecies live thro' ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies,
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe:
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliſs.

Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
The public good, and juſtly taſtes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himſelf for fame;
Sets Superſtition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilſt offended Heav'n he ſtrives in vain
T' appeaſe by faſts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:

For

For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk:
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and luſt,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the public ſafety Virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws;
For ſuch by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'reſt are the ſame.

But hold, cries out ſome Puritan divine,
Whoſe well-ſtuff'd cheeks with eaſe and plenty ſhine,
Is this to faſt, to mortify, refrain,
And work ſalvation out with fear and pain?
We own the rigid leſſons of their ſchools
Are widely diff'rent from theſe eaſy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abſtain
From all that nature aſks, and covet pain;
Pleaſure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirſt, cold water is a ſin:

Heav'n's

Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they ſay,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miſs their way;
God is a Being cruel and ſevere,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In ſun-ſhine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Miſtaken men, too piouſly ſevere!
Thro' craft miſleading, or miſled by fear;
How little they God's counſels comprehend,
Our univerſal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell diſpenſe delight,
Muſic our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seaſons but change, new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:

Love's

Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from Providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this ſhall fade:
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide,
Thro' wondrous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,

Where

Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.
Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!
None wou'd hereafter then with groundleſs fear,
Deſcribe th' Almighty cruel and ſevere,
Predeſtinating ſome without pretence
To heav'n, and ſome to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endleſs pains for tranſient crimes,
And favouring ſects or nations, men or times.
To pleaſe him none would fooliſhly forbear
Or food, or reſt, or itch in ſhirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reaſon contradicts, within its reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety miſtake,
Or malice for whatever tenets ſake,
Or think ſalvation to one ſect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Wou'd in one female frailty ſum up vice,
And cenſure thoſe, who nearer to the right
Think virtue is but to diſpenſe delight *.
No ſervile tenets would admittance find,
Deſtructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-reſiſtance to a tyrant's might:
For ſure that all ſhou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict juſt revers'd.
No moraliſts then righteous to exceſs,
Wou'd ſhew fair Virtue in ſo black a dreſs,
That they, like boys, who ſome feign'd ſprite array,
Firſt from the ſpectre fly themſelves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuſe to win by reaſon, not affright;

* Theſe lines mean only, that Cenſoriouſneſs is a vice more odious than Unchaſtity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that ſometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

Not,

Not, conjurors like, in fire and brimſtone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.
No more our ſage interpreters of laws
Wou'd fatten on obſcurities, and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their truſt,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted duſt,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the juſt.
No more applauſe would on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain;
No more would brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy;
Virtue with Happineſs, her conſort, join'd,
Would regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his Maker firſt deſign'd.

THE

MODERN

FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

Quale Portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

THE

MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

JUST broke from ſchool, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His Honour poſts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Meaſures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing ſo ſtrange all o'er,
As never ages paſt produc'd before:
A monſter of ſuch complicated worth,
As no one ſingle clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheiſt, papiſt, gameſter, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, becauſe bus'neſs is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite muſt be a rogue,
In parliament he purchaſes a ſeat,
To make th' accompliſh'd gentleman compleat.

There ſafe in ſelf-ſufficient impudence,
Without experience, honeſty, or ſenſe,
Unknowing in her int'reſt, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cauſe:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonſenſe burſt, like bottled ale,
* Tho' ſhallow, muddy; briſk, tho' mighty dull;
Fierce without ſtrength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and ſolitaire,
The liberties of BRITAIN he ſupports,
And ſtorms at place-men, miniſters, and courts;
Now in cropt greaſy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot ſpeeches;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuſe,
Yet dares to ſhew thoſe ears, he ought to loſe.
From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,
There ſits with countenance erect and wiſe,
And talks of games of whiſt, and pig-tail pies;

* Parody on theſe lines of Sir John Denham.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Plays

Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himſelf unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, ſtakes his utmoſt groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought:
Next morn diſowns the loſſes of the night,
Becauſe the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, leſt one human paſſion e'er ſhould move
His ſoul to friendſhip, tenderneſs, or love,
To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breaſt,
To ſteel it to the faſhionable teſt.
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Inſenſible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too buſy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, ſober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions ſtriving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this ſo bad is his ſucceſs,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow leſs;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his eſtate his int'reſt too is done,
His honeſt borough ſeeks a warmer ſun;
For him, now caſh and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters ceaſe to roar:
And BRITAIN ſoon muſt want the great defence
Of all his honeſty, and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries ſome jointur'd antiquated crone:
And boldly, when his country is at ſtake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its ſake.

Quickly again diſtreſs'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhauſted mine,
But ſeeks preferment, as the laſt reſort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores ſupport:
The miniſter, well pleas'd at ſmall expence
To ſilence ſo much rude impertinence,

With

With ſqueeze and whiſper yields to his demands,
And on the venal liſt enroll'd he ſtands;
A ribband and a penſion buy the ſlave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He ſinks apace, deſpis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor ſhakes the ſenate with his patriot roar,
But ſilent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring ſtar, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He ſticks to gaming, as the ſurer trade;
Turns downright ſharper, lives by ſucking blood,
And grows, in ſhort, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes ſpent,
And lends them ready caſh at cent per cent,
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loſes by't, he dies.

THE

MODERN

FINE LADY.

——— *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites. HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

THE

MODERN FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the Fair,
The ſprightly dance, the ſoft *Italian* air,
The toſs of quality and high-bred ſleer,
Now Lady HARRIOT reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diverſions all her moments flew,
Each, as it paſs'd, preſenting ſomething new;
Breakfaſts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each ev'ning gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag*'s eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly uſher in the morn again.
For love no time has ſhe, or inclination,
Yet muſt coquet it for the ſake of faſhion;
For this ſhe liſtens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a ſneer,
And the cropt enſign nuzzles in her ear.

But

But with moſt warmth her dreſs and airs inſpire
Th' ambitious boſom of the landed 'ſquire,
Who fain would quit plump DOLLY's ſofter charms,
For wither'd, lean, *Right Honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race divine;
Which ſhe returns with inſolence and ſcorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a Plebeian born.

Ere long, by friends, by cards, and lovers croſs'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation loſt;
Her money gone, yet not a tradeſman paid,
Her fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a maid,
Her ſpirits ſink, her nerves are ſo unſtrung,
* She weeps, if but a handſome thief is hung:
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers preſt,
But moſt for ready caſh for play diſtreſt,
Where can ſhe turn?—The 'ſquire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere deſpair.

* Some of the brighteſt eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.

But ſoon th' endearments of a huſband cloy,
Her ſoul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no tranſports in the bridal-bed,
Of which ſo oft ſh'has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that ſhe ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this philoſophic ſtone,
To abler tutors ſhe reſolves t' apply,
A proſtitute from curioſity:
Hence men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
* Impatient for Heav'n's cordial drop, ſhe tries;
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
The ruddy Templar newly on the town,
The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parſon, and th' exhauſted rake.
But ſtill malignant fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior joys, to cards ſhe flies;
All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again ſhe plays, and is again undone.

---

* The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.
ROCH.

Behold

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor ſpare
The gilded chariot, or the taſſel'd chair;
For lonely ſeat ſhe's forc'd to quit the town,
And TUBBS * conveys the wretched exile down.
Now rumbling o'er the ſtones of *Tyburn Road*,
Ne'er preſt with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known ſtreets,
And envies every cinder-wench ſhe meets:
And now the dreaded country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying noiſe ſhe hears
Of diſtant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts, and trembles at the ſight of trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive queen,
She's drawn along unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
Within the graſs-green moat and ivy'd wall,
The doleful priſon where for ever ſhe,
But not, alas! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.

---

* A perſon well known for ſupplying people of quality with hired equipages.

Her

Her coach the curate and the tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with ſtubble bonfires light the ſtreet,
While bells her ears with tongues diſcordant grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns ſhe to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in, diſdaining once to ſpeak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now ſee her in the ſad decline of life,
A peeviſh miſtreſs, and a ſulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her inſolence, and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horſe chair,
And the low paſtimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and ſhun'd by all of human kind,

Ev'n

Ev'n robb'd of the laſt comfort of her life,
Inſulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, diſappointed pride, now ſtops her breath,
And with true ſcorpion rage ſhe ſtings herſelf to death.

Horatii Ep. I. *Lib.* II. *ad Auguſtum.*

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, LORD HARDWICKE,

Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece is a burleſque imitation: a ſpecies of poetry, whoſe chief excellence conſiſts in a lucky and humorous application of the words and ſentiments of any author to a new ſubject totally different from the original. This is what is uſually forgot both by the writers and readers of theſe kind of compoſitions; the firſt of whom are apt to ſtrike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire ſuch injudicious excreſcences: theſe immediately loſe ſight of their original, and thoſe ſcarce ever caſt an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertiſe the reader, that in the following epiſtle he is to expect nothing more than an appoſite converſion of the ſerious ſentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the ſubject of Engliſh politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common ſenſe; all the little merit it can pretend to conſiſting ſolely in the cloſeneſs of ſo long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

HORATII

Ep. I. Lib. II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

[a] CUM tot ſuſtineas, & tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
[b] Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt,

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

[a] WHILST you, my lord, ſuch various toils ſuſtain,
Preſide o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age,
With tedious verſe to treſpaſs on your time,
Is ſure impertinence, if not a crime.
[b] All the fam'd heroes, ſtateſmen, admirals,
Who after death within the ſacred walls
Of WESTMINSTER with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but ſorry treatment, while they liv'd;
And tho' they labour'd in their country's cauſe,
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,

Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis: [c] diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari:
[d] Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes,
Infra ſe poſitas; extinctus amabitur idem.
[e] Preſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
[f] Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
[g] Sed tuus hic populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat, & niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit, & odit.
[h] Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum

Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren ſoil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
[c] Ev'n * He, who long the Houſe of Com--ns led,
That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience, to his lateſt breath,
Envy could only be ſubdu'd by death.
[d] Great men whilſt living muſt expect diſgraces,
Dead they're ador'd—when none deſire their places.
[e] This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With ſuch unrivall'd eminence you ſhine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The ſeat of juſtice in no former reign
[f] Was e'er ſo greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.
[g] But tho' the people are ſo juſt to you,
To none beſides will they allow their due,
No miniſter approve, who is not dead,
Nor till h' has loſt it, own he had a head;
[h] Yet ſuch reſpect they bear to ancient things,
They've ſome for former miniſters and kings;

---

* Sir R—— W——.

Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
Dictitet Albano Muſis in monte locutas.
[i] Si quia Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri:
[k] Venimus ad ſummam fortunæ: pingimus atque
[l] Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipſis.
[m] Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter
Perfectos, vetereſne referri debet? an inter
Viles, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
[n] Eſt vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos?
Quid qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? vetereſne poetas,
An quos & præſens, & poſtera reſpuet ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſte,
Qui vel menſe brevi vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
[o] Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,

Qui

And, with a kind of ſuperſtitious awe,
Deem Magna Charta ſtill a ſacred law.
[l] But, if becauſe the government was beſt
Of old in FRANCE, when freedom ſhe poſſeſt,
In the ſame ſcale reſolv'd to weigh our own,
ENGLAND's we judge was ſo, who then had none;
Into moſt ſtrange abſurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reaſon'd with at all.
[k] Brought to perfection in theſe days we ſee
All arts, and their great parent Liberty;
[l] With ſkill profound we ſing, eat, dreſs, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel ev'n FRANCE.
[m] If age of miniſters is then the teſt,
And, as of wines, the oldeſt are the beſt,
Let's try and fix ſome æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:
[n] Are they all wicked ſince ELIZA's days?
Did none in CHARLES', or JAMES's merit praiſe?
Or are they knaves but ſince the Revolution?
If none of theſe are facts then all's confuſion;
And by the ſelf-ſame rule one cannot fail,
[o] To pluck each hair out ſingly from the tail.

Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem eſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
[p] Ennius, & ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promiſſa cadant, & ſomnia Pythagorea.
[q] Nævius in manibus non eſt, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens: adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
[r] Ambigitur quoties uter utro ſit prior, aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
[s] Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
[t] Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens: habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
[u] Interdum vulgus rectum videt; eſt ubi peccat.
[w] Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat:

[p] Wiſe CECIL, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any ſince:
[q] Of ARTHUR's days we almoſt nothing know,
Yet ſing their praiſe, becauſe they're long ago.
[r] Oft as 'tis doubted in their ſeveral ways
Which of paſt orators beſt merit praiſe,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If HARLEY's head deſerv'd the moſt regard,
Or WINDHAM's tongue, or JEKYL's patriot heart,
[s] Old SHIPPEN's gravity, or WALPOLE's art.
[t] Theſe were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fulleſt houſes ſtill are quoted;
Theſe have been fam'd from ANNA's days till ours,
When PELHAM has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
The art of miniſterial eloquence,
By adding honeſt truth to nervous ſenſe.
[u] Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet ſometimes right;
The late rebellion in the trueſt light
By chance they ſaw; but were not once ſo wiſe,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the exciſe:
[w] If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat:

[x] But

[x] Si quædam nimis antique, ſi pleraque dure
Dicere credit eos, ignave multa fatetur,
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
[y] Non equidem inſector, delendave carmina Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi parvo
[z] Orbilium dictitare; ſed emendata videri,
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror.
[a] Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum, &
Si verſus paulos concinnior unus & alter,
Injuſtum totum ducit venditque poema.
[b] Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui craſsè
Compoſitum illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.
[c] Rectè necne crocum floreſque perambulat Attæ
Fabula ſi dubitem, clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprendere coner
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
[d] Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbis didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.

[e] Jam

[x] But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have ſome blunders, and ſome tricks,
With ſuch impartial ſentiments I join,
And their opinions tally juſt with mine.
[y] I would by no means church or king deſtroy,
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy
[z] By CRAB the curate, now ſeem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God:
[a] In all the writings of thoſe high-flown ages
You meet with now and then ſome ſcatter'd pages
Wrote with ſome ſpirit and with ſenſe enough;
Theſe ſell the book, the reſt is wretched ſtuff:
[b] I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,
Muſt ſtand impeach'd by fools, becauſe they're new.
[c] Should I but queſtion, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous HANMER ſpoke,
If things went right, when ST. JOHN trod the ſtage,
How the old Tories all would ſtorm and rage!
[d] They ſhun conviction, or becauſe a truth
Confeſs'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they ſcorn to learn of junior wits:
What!—to be taught by LYTTELTONS and PITTS.

[c] When

[e] Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri:
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[f] Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet
Quam nobis, quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[g] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
[h] Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum;
[i] Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit;
Suſpendit picta vultum mentemque tabella:
[k] Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
[l] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
[m] Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
[n] Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſolenne recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

Cautos

[e] When angry patriots, or in prose or rhymes,
Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the present to disgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
[f] But had the patriots of those ancient days
Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new,
Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

[g] ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth possest,
Began to think frugality a jest,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
[h] Gamesters and jockies turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;
[i] Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen;
What should have paid the butcher, bought POUSSIN;
[k] Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,
Then whist became the bus'ness of the nation,
[l] That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then tosses them away;
Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet;
[m] These were the blest effects of being quiet.

[n] Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
He smok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,

There

Cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,
[o] Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
[p] Mutavit mentem populus levis; & calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri, patresque severi
[q] Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.
[r] Ipse ego, qui nullus me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum & chartas & scrinia posco.
[s] Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
Non audet nisi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum est,

Promittunt

There juſtice to diſpenſe was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a ſhilling?
° To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn beſt markets might be had,
And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unſeen the parſon's barn.
P But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent
To leave their ſeats, and fly to parliament:
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And, vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obſtrep'rous voters all night long
9 With bumpers, toaſts, and now and then a ſong;
r Ev'n I, who ſwear theſe follies I deſpiſe,
Than ſtateſmen, or their porters, tell more lies;
And, for the faſhion-ſake, in ſpite of nature,
Commence ſometimes a moſt important creature,
Buſy as CAR——W rave for ink and quills,
And ſtuff my head and pockets full of bills.
s Few land-men go to ſea unleſs they're preſt,
And quacks in all profeſſions are a jeſt;
None dare to kill, except moſt learn'd phyſicians:
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians.

Promittunt medici, : tractant fabrilia fabri :
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[t] Hic error tamen, & levis hæc inſania quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige : Vatis avarus
[u] Non temere eſt animus ; verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum ;
[w] Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet ;
[x] Non fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo, [y] vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo.
[z] Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi ;
[a] Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari
[b] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat ;
[c] Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem ;
[d] Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector, & iræ ;

[*] Recte

There's not a ſoul but thinks, could he be ſent,
H' has parts enough to ſhine in parliament.
[t] Tho' many ills this modern taſte produces,
Yet ſtill, my lord, 'tis not without its uſes;
[u] Theſe minor politicians are a kind
Not much to ſelfiſh avarice inclin'd;
Do but allow them with applauſe to ſpeak,
[w] They little care, tho' all their tenants break;
[x] They form intrigues with no man's wife, or daughter,
[y] And live on pudding, chicken-broth, and water;
[z] Fierce Jacobites, as far as bluſt'ring words,
But loth in any cauſe to draw their ſwords.
[a] Were ſmaller matters worthy of attention,
A thouſand other uſes I could mention;
For inſtance, in each monthly magazine
Their eſſays and orations ſtill are ſeen,
[b] And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradeſman's creed;
Apprentices they ſerve to entertain,
[c] Inſtead of ſmutty tales, and plays profane;
[d] Inſtruct them how their paſſions to command,
And to hate none—but thoſe who rule the land:

[e] Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [f] inopem ſolatur & ægrum.
[g] Caſtis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde preces, vatem ni muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, & præſentia numina ſentit,
[h] Cœleſtes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus;
[i] Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit;
[k] Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
[l] Carmine Dii ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[m] Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
[n] Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi.

• Feſcennina

[e] Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
[f] Sometimes receipts for claps, and ſtinking breaths.
[g] When with her brothers miſs comes up to town,
How for each play can ſhe afford a crown?
Where find diverſions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unleſs ſhe goes to church, or a committee?
And ſure committees better entertain,
[h] Than hearing a dull parſon pray for rain,
[i] Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and ſins, and ſickneſs amongſt cattle;
At church ſhe hears with unattentive ear
[k] The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with ſo much wit and ſenſe,
She falls a victim ſoon to eloquence;
Well may ſhe fall, ſince eloquence has power
[l] To govern both the upper houſe and lower.
[m] Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
[n] They, when in barns their corn was ſafely laid,
For harveſt-homes great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the ſupper ſhar'd who ſhar'd the work;

[o] Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
[p] Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
[q] In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impunè minax: doluere cruento
[r] Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: quin etiam lex
[s] Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi: vertere modum, formidine fuſtis,
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
[t] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille
[u] Defluxit numerus Saturnius; & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum
[w] Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.
[x] Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit
Quid Sophocles, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent.
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi dignè vertere poſſet,
[y] Et placuit ſibi, naturâ ſublimis & acer:
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet;

[z] Sed

[o] This gave freeholders firſt a taſte for eating,
And was the ſource of all election-treating;
[p] A while their jeſts, tho' merry, yet were wiſe,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length ſuch riots bred,
[q] No ſober family could ſleep in bed:
[r] All were alarm'd, ev'n thoſe who had no hurt
[s] Call'd in the law, to ſtop ſuch dang'rous ſport.
[t] Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready caſh, to win each country town;
[u] This leſs diſorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;
[w] But ſtill all canvaſſing produc'd confuſion,
The relics of its ruſtic inſtitution.
[x] 'Tis but of late, ſince thirty years of peace
To uſeful ſciences have giv'n increaſe,
That we've inquir'd how ROME's loſt ſons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feaſts and gold;
What treats proud SYLLA, CÆSAR, CRASSUS gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave;
Nor try'd in vain; [y] too fortunately bold
Many have purchas'd votes, and many ſold;

[z] Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
[a] Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
[b] Sudoris minimum; ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus: [c] Aſpice Plautus
[d] Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi!
[e] Ut patris attenti; [f] lenonis ut inſidioſi;
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [g] edacibus in paraſitis;
[h] Quam non adſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco:
[i] Geſtit enim nummos in loculos demittere, poſt hoc
Securus cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.
[k] Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat;

[i] Sic

No laws can now amend this venal land,
[z] That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.
Some think an int'reſt may be form'd with eaſe,
[a] Becauſe the vulgar we muſt chiefly pleaſe;
[b] But for that reaſon 'tis the harder taſk,
For ſuch will neither pardon grant, nor aſk.
[c] See how Sir W———, maſter of this art,
By different methods wins each C———n heart.
[d] He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
[e] And teaches their attentive fires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
[f] Inſidious pimps, and [g] hungry paraſites:
[h] Sometimes in ſlippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early viſits round a town,
At ev'ry houſe relates his ſtories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and HANOVER;
[i] If tales will money ſave, and buſineſs do,
It matters little, are they falſe or true.
[k] Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applauſe
To his own conſcience, or his country's cauſe,
Is ſoon elated, and as ſoon caſt down
By ev'ry drunken cobler's ſmile, or frown;

[l] Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. [m] Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[n] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti ſtolidique, & depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
[o] Aut urſum, aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.
[p] Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,
[q] Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
[r] Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo;
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.

Scriptores

[l] So ſmall a matter can depreſs or raiſe
A mind that's meanly covetous of praiſe:
But if my quiet muſt dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,
[m] Adieu, ſay I, to all electioneering.
[n] The boldeſt orator it diſconcerts,
To find the many, tho' of meaneſt parts,
Illit'rate, ſquabbling, diſcontented prigs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at FIGG's,
To all good ſenſe and reaſon ſhut their ears,
Yet take delight in S—D—M's [o] bulls and bears.
[p] Young knights now ſent from many a diſtant ſhire
Are better pleas'd with what they ſee than hear;
Their joy's to view his majeſty approach,
Drawn by eight milk-white ſteeds in gilded coach,
The pageant ſhow and buſtle to behold,
[q] The guards both horſe and foot lac'd o'er with gold,
The rich inſignia from the Tower brought down,
[r] The iv'ry ſcepter and the radiant crown.
The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
And buſineſs is delay'd at leaſt an hour;

The

Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
[a] Fabellam ſurdo: nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referent quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum:
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; [t] quibus oblitus actor
Quum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
[u] Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane: quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
[w] Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
[x] Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.
[y] Irritat, mulcet, [z] falſis terroribus implet,
[a] Ut magus, & [b] modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[c] Verum age, & his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem; [d] ſi munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, [e] & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.

[f] Multa

The Speaker calls indeed to mind what paſſes,
[s] But might as well read orders to deaf aſſes.
[t] But now ſee honeſt V——— riſe to joke!
The houſe all laugh; [u] What ſays he? has he ſpoke?
No not a word. Then whence this ſudden mirth?
His phyz foretels ſome jeſt's approaching birth.
[w] But leſt I ſeem theſe orators to wrong,
Envipus becauſe I ſhare no gift of tongue,
[x] Is there a MAN whoſe eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fulleſt houſe in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave and now to weep,
[y] Who ſometimes makes us ſwear, and ſometimes ſleep,
[z] Now fills our heads with falſe alarms from FRANCE,
[a] Then conjurer like [b] to INDIA bids us dance?
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For ſurely he does all that man can do.
[c] But whilſt, my lord, theſe makers of our laws,
Thus ſpeak themſelves into the world's applauſe,
[d] Let bards, for ſuch attempts too modeſt, ſhare
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
[e] If you would ſpur them up the muſe's hill,
Or aſk their aid your library to fill.

[f] We

f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
g (Ut vincta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
h Sollicito damus, aut feſſo; quum lædimur, unum
i Siquis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum:
k Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati,
l Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poëmata filo:
m Quum ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.
n Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere, quales
Ædituos habeat belli, ſpectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
o Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, nequis ſe præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra

p Fortis

[f] We poets are, in ev'ry age and nation,
A moſt abſurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thouſand inſtances is ſhown,
[g] (Myſelf as guilty as the reſt I own)
As when on you our nonſenſe we impoſe,
[h] Tir'd with the nonſenſe you have heard in proſe;
[i] When we're offended, if ſome honeſt friend
Preſumes one unharmonious verſe to mend;
[k] When undeſir'd our labours we repeat,
[l] Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,
[m] And fancy, ſhould You once but ſee our faces,
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
[n] 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the ſoul to verſe,
Who have ſuch num'rous virtues to rehearſe;
[o] Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,
Paid CHOERILUS for daubing him with praiſe;
And yet the ſame fam'd hero made a law,
None but APELLES ſhould his picture draw;

[p] None

[p] Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia, quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
[q] Bæôtum in craſſo jurares aere natum.
[r] At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variuſque poetæ:
[s] Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aënea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. [t] Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, quam res componere geſtas;
Terrarumque ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces
Montibus impoſitas, & barbara regna, tuiſque

[x] Auſpiciis

[p] None but LYSIPPUS caſt his royal head
In braſs: it had been treaſon if in lead;
A prince he was in valour ne'er ſurpaſs'd,
And had in painting too perhaps ſome taſte;
But as to verſe, undoubted is the matter,
[q] He muſt be dull, as a Dutch commentator.
[r] But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muſe,
Would chuſe good poets, were there good to chuſe;
[s] You know they paint the great man's ſoul as like,
As can his features KNELLER, or VANDYKE.
[t] Had I ſuch pow'r, I never would compoſe
Such creeping lines as theſe, nor verſe, nor proſe;
But rather try to celebrate your praiſe,
[u] And with your juſt encomiums ſwell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmoſt ſkill
To conſecrate to fame BRITANNIA's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wiſe counſels once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flouriſhing her trade;

[w] Exhauſted

[x] Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
[w] Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam;
[v] Si, quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: [y] ſed neque parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recuſent.
[z] Sedulitas autem, ſtulte quem diligit, urguet
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris commendat & arte:
Diſcit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,
[a] Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

[w] Exhauſted nations trembling at her ſword,
[x] And * PEACE long wiſh'd-for to the world reſtor'd.
[y] But your true greatneſs ſuffers no ſuch praiſe,
[z] My verſe would ſink the theme it meant to raiſe;
Unequal to the taſk would ſurely meet
Deſerv'd contempt, and each preſumptuous ſheet
Could ſerve for nothing, ſcrawl'd with lines ſo ſimple,
[a] Unleſs to wrap up ſugar-loaves for Wimple.

* A general peace was at this time juſt concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON HIS BEING INSTALLED

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

THESE trophies, STANHOPE, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with ſuch juſt propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeneſs, love,
With one conſent thy Sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
Herſelf, and GARTER, both were ſurely thine.

TO A

LADY IN TOWN,

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thouſands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forſake
For ſtifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you inceſſant ſtray,
Charm in the Mall, and ſparkle at the play;
Think (if ſucceſſive vanities can ſpare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in theſe plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,
And mourn inceſſantly that fatal day,
That all my bliſs with CHLOE ſnatch'd away.
Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Muſic, verſe, all I try, but try in vain;

In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,
Nor HANDEL's nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my ſoul, or ſooth my cares;
Thoſe once-lov'd med'cines unſucceſsful prove,
Muſic, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruſe,
And ſeek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muſe;
Their treach'rous numbers but aſſiſt the foe,
And call forth ſcenes of ſympathiſing woe:
Here HELOISE mourns her abſent lover's charms,
There parting EMMA ſigns in HENRY's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender ſorrows read my own.
Reſtleſs ſometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forſakes her neſt forſaken by her love,
I fly from home, and ſeek the ſacred fields
Where CAM's old urn its ſilver current yields,
Where ſolemn tow'rs o'erlook each moſſy grove,
As if to guard it from th' aſſaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;

Her

Her ſons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
Nor DULNESS ſuccour to her thouſands lend;
Love like a fever with infectious rage
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the froſt of age,
To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were ſeen to run,
And leave unfiniſh'd pipes, and authors—ſcarce begun.
* So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with ſuch a grace,
When the grave ſeniors of the Trojan race
Were forc'd thoſe fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth conſum'd, and ſet their town on fire.
At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I ſpend the day
An unconcern'd ſpectator of the play;
There pitileſs obſerve the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with deſpair;
For how ſhou'd I his trivial loſs bemoan,
Who feel one, ſo much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the deciſion of two rival dice,
Whilſt long diſputes 'twixt *ſeven* and *five* remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,

* Vid. Hom. Il. Lib. III. Ver. 150.

Without one wiſh I ſee the guineas ſhine,
Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.
Now ſee, prepar'd their utmoſt ſpeed to try,
O'er the ſmooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their ſlender limbs they ſtrain,
And foaming ſtretch along the velvet plain!
Ah ſtay! ſwift ſteeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's ſmarting laſh obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your ſteps a nobler prize to gain;
Then ſwift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the abſent fair.

Now when the winds are huſh'd, the air ſerene,
And chearful ſunbeams gild the beauteous ſcene,
Penſive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I ſtray,
Where'er or choice, or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or diſtant bluiſh hills, or ſilver floods:
Now harmleſs birds in ſilken nets inſnare,
Now with ſwift dogs purſue the flying hare:
Dull ſports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigu'd,

Fatigu'd, at length I willingly retire
To a ſmall ſtudy, and a cheerful fire;
There o'er ſome folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, ſee you, feaſt upon your eyes,
And claſp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilſt I by dear reflection live again:
But ev'n theſe joys are too ſublime to laſt,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones paſt;
For juſt when now beneath ſome ſilent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love—
Or charm with thrilling notes the liſt'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels ſing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleaſing viſion in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.
So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal ſhade
Had juſt recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Loſt in eternal night—again ſhe dies.

To a LADY.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

WITH gifts like theſe, the ſpoils of neighb'ring ſhores,
The Indian ſwain his ſable love adores;
Off'rings well ſuited to the duſky ſhrine
Of his rude goddeſs, but unworthy mine:
And yet they ſeem not ſuch a worthleſs prize,
If nicely view'd by philoſophic eyes;
And ſuch are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themſelves inſpire.
To ſuch how fair appears each grain of ſand,
Or humbleſt weed, as wrought by nature's hand!
How far ſuperior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, tho' of the meaneſt kinds,
A juſt obſerver entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions ſees,
And how ſhe gently riſes by degrees;

A ſhell,

A ſhell, or ſtone, he can with pleaſure view,
Hence trace her nobleſt works, the heav'ns—and you.
Behold, how bright theſe gaudy trifles ſhine,
The lovely ſportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious ſhell is made,
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid ſtreaks th' enamell'd ſtones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet ſtill not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the ſparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll pleaſe, when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly ſpeak their fair diſpoſer's taſte;
Then glories yet unſeen ſhall o'er them riſe,
New order from your hand, new luſtre from your eyes.
How ſweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full protection brought!
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents thro' the ſhell-work flow;
Here coral mixt with ſhells of various dyes,
There poliſh'd ſtones will charm our wand'ring eyes:
Delightful bow'r of bliſs! ſecure retreat!
Fit for the Muſes, and STATIRA's ſeat.

But

But ſtill how good muſt be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in ſolitude can pleaſure find!
The muſe her company, good-ſenſe her guide,
Reſiſtleſs charms her pow'r, but not her pride:
Who thus forſakes the town, the park, and play,
In ſilent ſhades to paſs her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe freſh country air,
Than ride impriſon'd in a velvet chair;
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice;
Prefers her books, and conſcience void of ill,
To conſorts, balls, aſſemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots ſees,
For groves the playhouſe quits, and beaus for trees.

Bleſt is the man, whom heav'n ſhall grant one hour
With ſuch a lovely nymph, in ſuch a lovely bow'r!

To a LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finiſh'd piece we ſee diſplay'd
Th' exacteſt image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and ſuch her form divine,
This pure, as flows the ſtyle thro' ev'ry line,
That like each letter, exquiſitely fine.

See with what art the ſable currents ſtain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in ſilver ſnow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in ſhining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:
See, like ſome virgin, whoſe unmeaning charms
Receive new luſtre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breaſt,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impreſt,

At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Freſh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And ſhines each moment brighter from its ſtains.
Let mighty Love no longer boaſt his darts,
That ſtrike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as ſure, and at a diſtance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you ſend your great commands,
To diſtant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'ſcapes your eyes;
So thoſe, who from the ſword in battle run
But periſh victims to the diſtant gun.
Beauty's a ſhort-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But theſe are charms no ages can devour;
Theſe far ſuperior to the brighteſt face,
Triumph alike o'er time as well as ſpace.
When that fair form, which thouſands now adore,
By years decay'd, ſhall tyrannize no more,
Theſe lovely lines ſhall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wiſh like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aſpire
To copy PAULO's ſtroke, or TITIAN's fire:
Ev'n now your ſplendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I'm practiſing this art,
To ſteal your hand, in hopes to ſteal your heart.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY*,

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verſe a tribute ſacred to the fair;
Hence in each age the lovelieſt nymph has been,
By undiſputed right, the muſes queen;
Her ſmiles have all poetic boſoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verſe themſelves inſpir'd:

LESBIA

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley was the only daughter and heireſs of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by his wife the Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh, ſole daughter and heireſs of John Holles Duke of Newcaſtle. She married William the ſecond Duke of Portland July 11, 1734, who died on the 1ſt of May, 1762; her Grace ſurviving him, departed this life at her ſeat at Bulſtrode, on Monday the 18th of June 1785 leaving behind her that famous muſeum, replete with works in the fine arts and a moſt extenſive collection of natural hiſtory, which, with no leſs induſtry than judgment, and at an expence which could be only ſupported by her princely fortune, ſhe had been the greateſt part of her life collecting; but this collection, however

Lesbia preſided thus in Roman times,
Thus Sacharissa reign'd o'er Britiſh rhymes,
And preſent bards to Margaretta bow,
For what they were of old, is Harley now.

From Oxford's houſe, in theſe dull buſy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praiſe;
He to our ſlighted labours ſtill is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever ſure to find
(Reward ſufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inſpire, and goodneſs to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your ſire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;

---

however it was gazed at, and with great judgment admired by men of virtu and philoſophy of our own and foreign nations, yet, when time ſhall have done away all traces of its exiſtence, her Grace's unfeigned religion and piety, exact fulfilment of all domeſtic duties, ſuperior talents of mind, native dignity amongſt her equals, a flowing condeſcenſion to her inferiors, which made thoſe whom ſhe honoured with her acquaintance forget the difference of their ſtations, univerſal benevolence, and the moſt amiable ſweetneſs of temper, will cauſe her ever to be remembered amongſt the moſt famous of her ſex, whoſe ſuperior characters reflect a luſtre on the Britiſh nation. E.

Form'd

Form'd for our glory and ſupport, ye ſeem,
Our conſtant patron he, and you our theme.
Where ſhou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
Where ev'ry verſe, but at your feet, be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As firſt in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.
Illuſtrious maid! in whoſe ſole perſon join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her ſex's pride,
Without one foible of her ſex to hide;
Good-nature artleſs as the bloom that dyes
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you theſe lines approve,
Theſe children ſprung from idleneſs and love,
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the deſign!)
Hope to amuſe your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applauſe, and critics blame,
Alike I'd ſcorn: your approbation's fame.

HORACE,

HORACE,

BOOK II. Ode XVI.

IMITATED.

HORATII,

LIB. II. OD. XVI.

1. OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægeo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent;
Sidera nautis;

2. Otium bello furioſa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Groſphe, non gemmis neque purpurâ
venale, nec auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui ſalinum;
Nec leves ſomnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747.

1. FOR quiet, YORKE, the sailor cries,
When gathering storms obscure the skies,
The stars no more appearing;
2. The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
Of blest electioneering.

3. Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair
The Serjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rously mistaken:
4. Alas! he is not half so blest
As those, who've liberty, and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

 5. Why

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calente
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præſens animus quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare, & amara lento
Temperet riſu. Nihil eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.

5. Why ſhould we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country ſun
For buſineſs, dirt, and ſmoke?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourſelves get rid of, or our care?
In troth 'tis all a joke.

6. Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the General's horſe,
Outſtrips huſſars and pandours;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or COPE* before th' Highlanders.

7. A man, when once he's ſafely choſe,
Should laugh at all his threatening foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill;
8. A ſeat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil.

---

* General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preſton Panns to Edinburgh.

9. Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem;
10. Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus;
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.

11. Te greges centum, Siculæque circùm-
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinni-
12. Tum apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Veſtiunt lanæ: 13. mihi parva rura et
14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

9. Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides: to ORFORD it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
10. To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Purſu'd by Whig and Tory.

11. The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted ſeats, and parks, and land;
Brocades and ſilks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing ſteeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.

13. To me they've giv'n a ſmall retreat,
Good port and mutton, beſt of meat,
With broad-cloth on my ſhoulders,
A ſoul that ſcorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

HORATII,

LIB. IV. OD. VIII.

1. DONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Grajorum; 2. neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas;
3. Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Soler nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

4. Sed

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE VIII.

IMITATED.

TO THE SAME.

1. DID but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd ſend;
2. But ſtill the choiceſt and the beſt
Should be conſign'd to friends at WREST.

An organ, which, if right I gueſs,
Would beſt pleaſe lady MARCHIONESS,
Should firſt be ſent by my command,
Worthy of her inſpiring hand:
To lady BELL of niceſt mould
A coral ſet in burniſh'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
3. Portraits by LELY or VANDYKE,
A curious bronze, or buſt antique.

4. But

4. Sed non hæc mihi vis: nec tibi talium
Res eſt aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus, carmina poſſumus
Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.

6. Non inciſa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ ſpiritus & vita redit bonis
Poſt mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorſum Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides: neque,
7. Si chartæ ſileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. 8. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortiſque puer, ſi taciturnitas

Obſtaret

4. But ſince theſe gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wiſh for more,
Already bleſt with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verſe, tho' ſuch as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my preſents all in rhymes;
5. And, leſt you ſhould forget their worth,
Like them I'll ſet their value forth.

6. Not monumental braſs or ſtones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by MARLBRO's ſword,
Nor titles which theſe feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuſe,
As can the labours of the muſe.
7. But if ſhe ſhould her aid deny,
With you your virtues all muſt die,
Nor tongues unborn ſhall ever ſay
How wiſe, how good, was Lady GREY.

8. What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial ROME?

Obſtaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus conſecrat inſulis.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori,
Cœlo muſa beat: Sic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercule;
Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

Or him deſerving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
Clear'd ſtreams, and bridges laid acroſs,
And built the little church of Ross?
Did not th' eternal powers of verſe
From age to age their deeds rehearſe.

9. The muſe forbids the brave to die,
Beſtowing immortality:
10. Still by her aid in bleſt abodes
ALCIDES feaſts among the Gods;
And royal ARTHUR ſtill is able
To fill his hoſpitable table
With Engliſh beef, and Engliſh knights,
And looks with pity down on WHITE's.

To the Hon. Miſs YORKE,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON.

VICTORIOUS ANSON ſee returns
From the ſubjected main!
With joy each Britiſh boſom burns,
Fearleſs of FRANCE and SPAIN.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,
Conqueſt his own beſtows,
Applauſe unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

But ſtill, my ſon, BRITANNIA cries,
Still more thy merits claim;
Thy deeds deſerve a richer prize
Than titles, wealth, or fame.

Twice wafted ſafe from pole to pole
Th' haſt ſail'd the globe around;
Contains it ought can charm thy ſoul,
Thy fondeſt wiſhes bound?

Is

Is there a treaſure worth thy care
Within th' incircling line?
Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r
To make that treaſure thine.

Heav'n liſten'd to BRITANNIA's voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He choſe—the gods approv'd his choice,
And paid him all in YOU.

CHLOE TO STREPHON,

A SONG.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for Heav'n's ſake let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

Could all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo?
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you.

Say, would you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard
To fight with love and you.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

CEASE, SALLY, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide thoſe eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And thoſe ſweet flowing treſſes of hair.

Oh! torture me not, for Love's ſake,
With the ſmirk of thoſe delicate lips,
With that head's dear ſignificant ſhake,
And the toſs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh! ſight ſtill more fatal! look there
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So—now there's an end of my care,
I ſhall never more eat, drink, or ſleep.

D'you ſing too? ah miſchievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the devil can 'ſcape being caught
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to adviſe ſhou'd I try?
What nature ordains we muſt prove;
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A SONG.

WHEN firſt I ſought fair CÆLIA's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain,
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore,
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At laſt o'ercome ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forſook her, when poſſeſt,
And fled to others' arms.

But

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
To rage thy breaſt incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

THE CHOICE.

HAD I, PYGMALION like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I wou'd adore;
The model ſhou'd be thus deſign'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her ſkin ſhou'd be as lilies fair,
With roſy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermilion ſpread,
And ſoft and moiſt, as well as red;
Her eyes ſhou'd ſhine with vivid light,
At once both languiſhing and bright;
Her ſhape ſhou'd be exact and ſmall,
Her ſtature rather low than tall;

Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both ſprightly and ſerene;
Beſides all this, a nameleſs grace
Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her face;
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but ſweet.

This for her form: now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettiſh arts,
And vain deſigns of conquering hearts,
Not ſway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But ſoft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,
Diſcreetly witty, gayly wiſe.

I'd have her ſkill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the ſciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To preſs the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop ſometimes an amorous ſigh;

To lengthen out the balmy kiſs,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliſs;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught,—or me.

I'd have her to ſtrict honour ty'd,
And yet without one ſpark of pride;
In company well dreſt and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outſhine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,
And dance ſometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to ſpend her hours
In ſolitude, and ſhady bow'rs,
And there, beneath ſome ſilent grove,
Delight in poetry, and love.

Some ſparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her ſoul inſpire,
Enough, at leaſt, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;

Enough, at leaſt, to make her wiſe,
And fops and fopperies deſpiſe;
Prefer her books, and her own muſe,
To viſits, ſcandal, chat, and news;
Above her ſex exalt her mind,
And make her more than woman-kind.

To a YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

FOR univerſal ſway deſign'd,
To diſtant realms CLORINDA flies,
And ſcorns, in one ſmall iſle confin'd,
To bound the conqueſts of her eyes.

From our cold climes to INDIA's ſhore
With cruel haſte ſhe wings her way,
To ſcorch their ſultry plains ſtill more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilſt

Whilſt ev'ry ſtreaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breaſt, dear cauſe of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But ſtill, if right the muſes tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief ſhall that fair boſom ſwell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Tho' now, like PHILIP's ſon, whoſe arms
Did once the vaſſal world command,
You rove with unrefiſted charms,
And conquer both by ſea and land;

Yet when (as ſoon they muſt) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd ſide
Behold my CHLOE ſtands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conſcious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts ſerenely flow,
Calm as the ſoftly breathing air,
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her ſparkling eyes diſcloſe,
With ſuch ſoft pow'r endu'd,
She ſeems a new-born VENUS, roſe
From the tranſparent flood.

From each green bank, and moſſy cave,
The ſcaly race repair,
They ſport beneath the cryſtal wave,
And kiſs her image there.

Here the bright ſilver eel enroll'd
In ſhining volumes lies,
There baſks the carp bedropt with gold
In the ſunſhine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear;
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haſte the thoughtleſs crew
To the fair tempter fly;
Nor grieve they, whilſt her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late;
Ah ſimple fiſh, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And ſtruggle in the ſnare.

But, Fair-one, tho' theſe toils ſucceed,
Of conqueſt be not vain;
Nor think o'er all the ſcaly breed
Unpuniſh'd thus to reign.

Remember,

Remember, in a wat'ry glaſs
His charms NARCISSUS ſpy'd,
When for his own bewitching face
The youth deſpair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmleſs fiſh inſnare,
No more ſuch wiles purſue;
Leſt, whilſt you baits for them prepare,
LOVE finds out one for you.

CHLOE HUNTING,

WHILST thouſands court fair CHLOE's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, CYNTHIA like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the ſame ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare,
She leaves purſuing ſwains behind,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Oh

Oh ſtrange caprice in thy dear breaſt,
Whence firſt this whim began;
To follow thus each worthleſs beaſt,
And ſhun their ſovereign man!

Conſider, Fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both muſt die,
Not furer they, when you purſue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

ON

LUCINDA's RECOVERY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

BRIGHT VENUS long with envious eyes
The fair LUCINDA's charms had ſeen,
And ſhall ſhe ſtill, the goddeſs cries,
Thus dare to rival Beauty's queen?

She ſpoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haſte indignant goes,
Where Death, the prince of terrors, reigns,
Amidſt diſeaſes, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs ſhe thus applies:
O ſole, in whom my hopes confide
To blaſt my rival's potent eyes,
And in her fate all mortal pride!

Let her but feel thy chilling dart,
I will forgive, tremendous god!
Ev'n that which pierc'd ADONIS' heart:
He hears, and gives th' aſſenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce DISEASE,
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the loveliеſt fabric ſeize,
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Aſſur'd he meant LUCINDA's charms,
To her th' infectious *dæmon* flies;
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips diſarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal Fair, t'employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the ſpoils of ev'ry grace
The goddeſs picks ſome glorious prize,
Tranſplants the roſes from her face,
And arms young CUPIDS from her eyes.

Now DEATH (ah veil the mournful ſcene!)
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder FATE not ſtept between,
And turn'd aſide th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids thy hand eſſay,
He cries, to wound thy ſureſt friend,
Whoſe beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims ſend?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
As thine own ſilent arrows ſure?
Or who, that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?

DEATH,

DEATH, thus reprov'd, his hand reſtrains,
And bids the dire diſtemper fly;
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
That thouſands may adore, and die.

WRITTEN IN

MR. LOCKE's ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

LONG had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,
Meaſur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and ſky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet ſtill, ſo learn'd, herſelf ſhe little knew,
Till LOCKE's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous EVE a while in Eden ſtray'd,
And all her great Creator's works ſurvey'd;
By ſun, and moon, ſhe knew to mark the hour,
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;

She

She knew, when ſporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin and the nimble fawn:
But ſtill a ſtranger to her own bright face,
She gueſs'd not at its form, nor what ſhe was;
Till led at length to ſome clear fountain's ſide,
She view'd her beauties in the cryſtal tide;
The ſhining mirror all her charms diſplays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

WRITTEN IN A

LADY's VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

SINCE thou, renlentleſs maid, canſt daily hear
Thy ſlave's complaints without one ſigh or tear,
Why beats thy breaſt, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At theſe imaginary ſcenes of woe?
Rather teach theſe to weep and that to heave,
At real pains themſelves to thouſands give;
And if ſuch pity to feign'd love is due,
Conſider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID

CUPID RELIEVED.

AS once young CUPID went aſtray
The little god I found;
I took his bow and ſhafts away,
And faſt his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my ſpoils I caſt,
My conqueſt proud to ſhow;
She ſaw his godſhip fetter'd faſt,
And ſmil'd to ſee him ſo.

But ah! that ſmile ſuch freſh ſupplies
Of arms reſiſtleſs gave!
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his ſlave.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

POOR JENNY, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady ABBESS oft would cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle flattern;
See wiſe and pious Mrs. JANE,
A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mien
Is ſure a worthy pattern.

A pert young ſlut at length replies,
Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
'Tis that has made her ſuch;
And we, poor ſouls, no doubt ſhou'd be
As pious, and as wiſe, as ſhe,
If we had ſeen as much.

LUSUS PILÆ (AMATORIUS) EX NIVE COACTÆ.

* PETRONII AFRANII EPIGRAMMA.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
Igne carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? noſtrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, miſſa tuis.
Quis locus inſidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concretâ ſi latet ignis aquâ?
Julia, ſola potes noſtras extinguere flammas
Non nive, non glacie, ſed potes igne pari.

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* The only account that could be found, after a diligent ſearch, of the author of this neat and elegant performance, is in Fabricius's Bibliotheca Latina; where Petronius Afranius is placed, amongſt many others, as a writer of Epigrams, without any notice taken of what country he was, at what time he lived, without any one circumſtance to mark who or what he was. This Epigram is inſerted in the appendix to the 11th edition of Epigrammatum Delectus, in uſum Scholæ Etonenſis, printed at London 1740, accompanied by the following note: "Elegans et acutum Epigramma! me judice, ut ut, in tenui materiâ, et affabre undequaque concinnatum et omnibus numeris abſolutum." E.

THE

THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

WHITE as her hand fair JULIA threw
A ball of ſilver ſnow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My boſom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whoſe great command
Can thus a ſnow-ball arm;
When ſent, fair JULIA, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhould we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel,
Who thus can, by ſtrange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair JULIA, know,
Canſt quench my fierce deſire,
But not with water, ice, or ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

Εἰς βάθυλλον.

Η Ταντάλη ποτ' ἔστη
Λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις.
Καὶ παῖς πότ' ὄρνις ἔπτη
Παυδίων χελιδών.
Εγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον εἴην,
Οπως ἀεὶ βλέπῃς με.
Εγὼ χιτὼν γενοίμην,
Οπως ἀεὶ φορῇς με.
Υδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
Οπως σὲ χεῖρα λύσω.
Απαλὸν μύρον γενόμην
Ως σῦ κόμας ἀλείφω
Καὶ ταινία μετώπῳ.
Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ.
Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν μέ.

ANACREON, Ode XX.

A Rock on Phrygian plains we ſee
That once was beauteous Niobe:
And Progne, too revengeful Fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glaſs wou'd be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be chang'd to ſtays, that ſtraitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy ſlender waiſt;
A ſilver ſtream I'd bathe thee, Fair,
Or ſhine pomatum on thy hair;
In a ſoft ſable's tippet's form
I'd kiſs thy ſnowy boſom warm;
In ſhape of pearl that boſom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck:
Pleas'd, to be ought, that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your ſhoe.

A TRANSLATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE various pow'rs of blended ſhade, and light,
The ſkilful ZEUXIS of the duſky night;
The lovely forms, that paint the ſnowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating ſtain,
In tuneful lines, harmonious PHOEBUS, ſing,
At once of light and verſe celeſtial king.

Divine APOLLO! let thy ſacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unſkilful breaſt inſpire,
Like the fair empty ſheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurniſh'd, till inſpir'd by you;
O let one beam, one kind enlightning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play!
Hence ſhall his breaſt with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the ſilver field ſhall ſtrew.

But now the muſe's uſeful precepts view,
And with juſt care the pleaſing work purſue.

Firſt chuſe a window that convenient lies,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes,
Dark be the room, let not a ſtraggling ray
Intrude, to chaſe the ſhadowy forms away,
Except one bright, refulgent blaze, convey'd
Thro' a ſtrait paſſage in the ſhutter made,
In which th' ingenious artiſt firſt muſt place
A little, convex, round, tranſparent glaſs,
And juſt behind th' extended paper lay,
On which his art ſhall all its pow'r diſplay:
There rays reflected from all parts ſhall meet,
And paint their objects on the ſilver ſheet;
A thouſand forms ſhall in a moment riſe,
And magic landſcapes charm our wand'ring eyes;
'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If EPICURUS' doctrine teaches true,
The ſubtile parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what cauſes all theſe wonders flow,
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
How thro' the centre of the convex glaſs,
The piercing rays together twiſted paſs,

Or why revers'd the lovely ſcenes appear,
Or why the ſun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philoſophers the cauſe enquire,
Enough for us to ſee, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours ſtain
The painted ſurface of the paper plain!
Now bright and gay, as ſhines the heav'nly bow,
So late, a wide unpeopled waſte of ſnow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There ſlender tow'rs, and little cities riſe:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and ſkies and clouds deſcend:
Thus the wiſe vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to ſtand,
And wonder much, how they ſecurely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great APELLES' art;

Zephyrs

Zephyrs the waving harveſt gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks inceſſant flow;
Men, beaſts, and birds in fair confuſion ſtray,
Some riſe to ſight, whilſt others paſs away.

On all we ſeize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we ſtop, the horſeman catch;
Compel the poſting traveller to ſtay;
But the ſhort viſit cauſes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely proſpects riſe!
Now with the lovelieſt feaſt your longing eyes,
Nor let ſtrict modeſty be here afraid,
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in ſmall folds her waving garments flow,
And all her ſlender limbs ſtill ſlend'rer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The ſpacious hoop, once five vaſt ells around;
But think not to embrace the flying Fair,
Soon will ſhe quit your arms unſeen as air,
In this reſembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough

Enough w' have ſeen, now let th' intruding day
Chaſe all the lovely magic ſcenes away;
Again th' unpeopled ſnowy waſte returns,
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,
The bright creation in a moment flies,
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when ſtill night her gloomy mantle ſpreads,
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads!
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To diſtant lands, and ſhun th' unwelcome light.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

IN her own iſle's remoteſt grove
Stands VENUS' lovely ſhrine,
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,
And built by hands divine.

The poliſh'd ſtructure, fair and bright
As her own ivory ſkin,
Without is alabaſter white,
And ruby all within.

Above,

Above, a cupola charms the view,
White as unſully'd ſnow;
Two columns of the ſame fair hue
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,
In which ſuch virtue reigns,
That, bath'd in its balſamic waves,
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there ſpreads
A fragrant ſpicy grove,
That with its curling branches ſhades
The labyrinths of Love.

Bright Beauty here her captives holds,
Who kiſs their eaſy chains,
And in ſofteſt cloſeſt folds
Her willing ſlaves detains.

Wouldſt thou, who ne'er theſe ſeas haſt try'd,
Find where this iſland lies,
Let pilot Love the rudder guide,
And ſteer by CHLOE's eyes.

On a NOSEGAY

IN THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST*.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

DELIGHTFUL ſcene! in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the Zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
Tho' planted in a bed of ſnow!
Yet ſee how ſoon they fade and die,
Scorch'd by the ſunſhine of her eye!
Nor wonder if, o'ercome with bliſs,
They droop their heads to ſteal a kiſs;
Who would not die on that dear breaſt?
Who would not die to be ſo bleſt?

---

* Maria Counteſs of Coventry, the eldeſt daughter of John Gunning, Eſq; by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Bourk, Lord Viſcount Mayo in Ireland. She was married to George William, the ſixth Earl of Coventry, March 5, 1752, and departed this life October 1, 1760. Her tranſcendent beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her.

The

The 'SQUIRE and the PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE, 1748.

BY his hall chimney, where in ruſty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair, the penſive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe juſt fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London-Evening * ſtain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whoſe remnants torn
Each pariſh round was annually forſworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning juſt grew dark,
Tray ſtarts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But ſoon diſcerning, with ſagacious noſe,
The well-known ſavour of the parſon's toes,
Lays down his head, and ſinks in ſoft repoſe:
The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

* The London Evening Poſt, the only paper at that time taken in and read by the enemies to the Houſe of Hanover.

PARSON.

PARSON.

Why ſit'ſt thou thus, forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the diſtant bells inſpire delight!
See bonfires ſpangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I ſee;
Joyleſs I hear drums, bells, and fiddles ſound,
'Tis all the ſame—Four ſhillings in the pound.
My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, muſt groan beneath the axe:
My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my houſe,
Loſt by this fatal ſickneſs all my cows:
See there's the bill my late damn'd law-ſuit coſt!
Long as the land contended for,—and loſt:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So ſhort my pocket is, ſo long the ſcore;
At ſhops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

PARSON.

I muſt confeſs the times are bad indeed,
No wonder; when we ſcarce believe our creed;
When purblind Reaſon's deem'd the ſureſt guide,
And heav'n-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men ſlaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church:—but think the parſons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! free-thinking now ſo rank is grown,
It ſpreads infection thro' each country town;
Deiſtic ſcoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every ſacred thing.

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;———

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king:

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king; I hate the glaſs ſhou'd ſtand,
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will ſcourge this ſinful nation,
Unleſs we ſoon repeal the toleration,
And to the church reſtore the convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we ſhou'd feel ſufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houſes, prieſt-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honeſt Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not moſt gracious GEORGE our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wiſh for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I ſuppoſe, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you muſt firſt learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? ſure ſome ſtrange news, a boy with letters;
Oh, ho! here's one, I ſee, from parſon SLY:
" My rev'rend neighbour SQUAB being like to die;
" I hope, if Heav'n ſhould pleaſe to take him hence,
" To aſk the living would be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not ſwore, that I ſhou'd SQUAB ſucceed?
Think how for this I taught your ſons to read;
How oft diſcover'd puſs on new-plow'd land,
How oft ſupported you with friendly hand;
When I cou'd ſcarcely go, nor cou'd your worſhip ſtand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honeſt, wiſe, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the biſhops, or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Preſbyterian raſcal SLY.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glaſs, a merry ſong, or ſtory.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honeſt dog, that's truth, indeed—
Talk no more nonſenſe then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy firſt requeſt;
'Tis thine; but firſt a bumper to the beſt.

PARSON.

Moſt noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleaſing's the condition you aſſign?
Give me the ſparkling glaſs, and here, d'ye ſee,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:—
Great queen! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings and kingdoms riſe and fall;
Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;

Diſpenſes mitres, coronets, and ſtars;
Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids wars ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to hiſs,
And gives them peace again— * nay gave us this:
Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*
——— With all my heart.

---

* Madam de Pompadour,

GIVEN TO A LADY

WITH A WATCH WHICH SHE BORROWED TO HANG AT HER BED'S HEAD.

WHILST half aſleep my CHLOE lies,
And all her ſofteſt thoughts ariſe;
Whilſt, tyrant Honour lay'd at reſt,
Love ſteals to her unguarded breaſt;
Then whiſper to the yielding Fair,
Thou witneſs to the pains I bear,
How oft her ſlave with open eyes,
All the long night deſpairing lies;
Impatient till the roſy day
Shall once again its beams diſplay,
And with it he again may riſe,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.
Tell her as all thy motions ſtand,
Unleſs recruited by her hand,
So ſhall my life forget to move;
Unleſs, each day, the Fair I love

Shall

Shall new repeated vigour give
With ſmiles, and make me fit to live,
Tell her, when far from her I ſtray,
How oft I chide thy ſlow delay;
But when beneath her ſmiles I live,
Bleſt with all joys the Gods can give,
How often I reprove thy haſte,
And think each precious moment flies too faſt.

BELPHEGOR,

A FABLE,

FROM MACHIAVEL.

——— *Fugit indignata ſub umbras.*

VIRG.

TH' infernal monarch once, as ſtories tell,
Review'd his ſubjects from all parts of hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He ſcarce believ'd his empire was ſo great;
Still as each paſs'd, he aſk'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them there:
Scarce one he queſtion'd, but reply'd the ſame,
And on the marriage nooſe lay'd all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuſe their wives.
Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus SATAN ſpoke; hell trembled with the ſound.

My

My friends, what vaſt advantages wou'd flow
To theſe our realms? cou'd we but fully know
The form and nature of theſe marriage chains,
That ſend ſuch crouds to our infernal plains;
Let ſome bold patriot then, who dares to ſhow
His gen'rous love to this our ſtate below,
For his dear country's good the taſk eſſay,
And animate awhile ſome human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he ſhall remain,
Enjoy its pleaſures, and endure its pain,
Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial ſtate.
He ſpoke; the liſt'ning crowds his ſcheme approv'd:
But who ſo much his prince, or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearleſs heart, to undertake
This hymeneal trial, for their ſake?
At length with one conſent they all propoſe,
That fortune ſhall by lot the taſk impoſe;
The dreaded chance on bold BELPHEGOR fell,
Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of hell.
Firſt in fair FLORENCE he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large houſe, fine plate, a coach and ſix;

Dreſs'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and whor'd,
And liv'd in ſhort in all things like a lord:
His feaſts were plenteous, and his wines were ſtrong,
So poets, prieſts, and pimps his table throng,
Bring dedications, ſermons, whores, and plays,
The dev'l was ne'er ſo flatter'd in his days:
The ladies too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when ſhe mention'd RODERIGO's name;
For ſo he's call'd: rich, young, and debonnair,
He reigns ſole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, ſure, of EVE cou'd e'er eſcape
The dev'l, when cloath'd in ſuch a tempting ſhape.
One nymph at length, ſuperior to the reſt,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inſpir'd his breaſt;
Soft looks and ſighs his paſſion ſoon betray'd,
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.
I ſhall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feaſts, what balls, what dreſſes, pomp and ſtate,
Adorn'd their nuptial day, leſt it ſhou'd ſeem
As tedious to the reader, as to him,

Who

Who big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Preſs cloſe the yielding maid in all her charms,
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
With equal ardour loves, and gives a looſe to joy:
Diſſolv'd in bliſs more exquiſite than all
He e'er had felt in Heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himſelf BELPHEGOR cry'd,
Are theſe the marriage chains? are theſe my fears?
Oh had my ten, but been ten thouſand years!
But ah theſe happy moments laſt not long!
For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
All thoughts of love and tenderneſs are loſt,
Their only aim is, who ſhall ſquander moſt;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilſt he is ever guzzling naſty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, ſad man! ſtays out ſo very late!
Hence ev'ry day domeſtic wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed;

They

They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.
His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once ſpent, all friends on courſe are gone;
The ſum deſign'd his whole ten years to laſt,
Is all conſum'd before the firſt is paſt:
Where ſhall he hide? ah whither muſt he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambuſh lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worſt dun of all, his wife's at home.
Quite tir'd at length, with ſuch a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known;
And crowds purſue him cloſe from town to town:
He quits the public road, and wand'ring ſtrays
Thro' unfrequented woods, and pathleſs ways;
At laſt with joy a little farm he ſees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and eaſe;
MATTHEW his name: to him BELPHEGOR goes,
And begs protection from purſuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy caſe,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,

And

And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he ſhou'd receive his rents from hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace, and ſafety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noiſe, or ſtrife,
Diſturb'd him there;—for MATT had ne'er a wife.
But ere few weeks in this retreat are paſt
MATT too himſelf becomes a dun at laſt;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus BELPHEGOR's words his wrath aſſwage.
My friend, we dev'ls, like Engliſh peers, he cry'd,
Tho' free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Tho' tradeſmen's cheating bills I ſcorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long ſince a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindneſs to repay;
We ſubtile ſpirits can, you know, with eaſe
Poſſeſs whatever human breaſts we pleaſe,
With ſudden frenzy can o'ercaſt the mind,
Let paſſions looſe, and captive reaſon bind:
Thus I three mortal boſoms will infeſt,
And force them to apply to you for reſt;

Vaſt

Vaſt ſums for cure they willingly ſhall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.
He ſpoke, then fled unſeen, like ruſhing wind,
And breathleſs left his mortal frame behind:
The corps is quickly known, and news is ſpread
That RODERIGO's in the deſert dead;
His wife in faſhionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.
A beauteous maid, who then in FLORENCE dwelt,
In a ſhort time unuſual ſymptoms felt;
Phyſicians came, preſcrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cauſe of her diſeaſe;
Her parents thought 'twas love diſturb'd her reſt,
But all the learn'd agreed ſhe was poſſeſt;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the prieſts their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines cou'd the dæmon tame,
Till MATTHEW heard the news, and haſt'ning came;
He aſks five hundred pounds; the money's pay'd;
He forms the magic ſpell, then cures the maid:
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to two rich houſes flies,
And makes their heirs ſucceſſively his prize,

Who

Who both by MATTHEW's ſkill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.
And now BELPHEGOR, having thrice obey'd,
With reaſon thinks his hoſt is fully pay'd;
Next free to range, to GALLIA's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to riſe;
Black hideous ſcenes diſtract his royal mind,
From all he ſeeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vaſt treaſures ſhall his art repay,
Whoe'er can chaſe the ſtrange diſeaſe away:
At length, inſtructed by the voice of fame,
To MATTHEW ſends; poor MATT reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuſes fail'd, he muſt, or die;
At laſt deſpairing he the taſk eſſay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whiſp'ring ſaid.
Since force, not choice, has brought thy ſervant here,
Once more, BELPHEGOR, my petition hear,
This once at my requeſt, thy poſt reſign,
And ſave my life, as once I reſcu'd thine.

Cruel

Cruel BELPHEGOR, deaf to his requeſt,
Diſdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jeſt;
With tears and ſighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;
Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
This dev'l was of a moſt malignant ſort;
And that he could but make one tryal more,
And if that fail'd, he then muſt give him o'er:
Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets round,
Inſtructed when he mov'd his hand to ſound,
He whiſper'd in his patient's ear again,
BELPHEGOR anſwer'd, all his arts were vain:
He gives the ſign, they ſound; th' outrageous din
Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within;
He aſks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
By Heav'n's, 'tis ſhe, MATT cries, you'd beſt be gone,
She comes once more to ſeize you for her own;
BELPHEGOR frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal ſhades for refuge flies;

There

There paints a dreadful ſketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
MATTHEW o'erpay'd with honours, fame, and fees,
Returns to bleſt obſcurity, and eaſe,
With joy triumphant Io Pæan ſings,
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings.

LIB. III. CARMEN IX.

DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIÆ.

HORAT.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Perſarum vigui Rege beatior.

LYDIA.

A DIALOGUE

Between the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM and Madam POPULARITY*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H. PELHAM.

1. WHILST I was pleaſing in your eyes,
And you was conſtant, chaſte, and wiſe;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I paſs'd each hour,
Nor envy'd WALPOLE's wealth and pow'r.

* From the commencement of the Spaniſh war in 1739, to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, ſigned October 7, 1748, the land-tax was raiſed from two ſhillings to four ſhillings. In 1749 it was lowered to three ſhillings, at which rate it was continued till 1752, when Mr. Pelham, at that time the miniſter, reduced it to two ſhillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in 1754. This was one, amongſt others, of thoſe popular meaſures which gilded the evening of this miniſter's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote ſoon after the Land-tax Act of that year paſſed. E.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me tunc Threſſa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ ſciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcant animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi;

MADAM POPULARITY.

2. While I poſſeſs'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my ſoul 'twou'd vex a ſaint,
When I've moſt reaſon for complaint,
To hear you thus begin to ſcold:
Think on BRITANNIA! proud and old!
Are not her intereſts all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream?

H. PELHAM.

3. My juſt regard I can't deny
For her and her proſperity;
Nor am aſham'd it is ſo great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil ſtrife,
I'd freely ſacrifice my life.

MADAM POPULARITY.

4. To her your warmeſt vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am ſlighted;

Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcant puero fata ſuperſtiti.

HORAT.

Quod ſi priſca redit Venus,
Diductoſque jugo cogit aëneo ?
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt ; tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria :
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Her welfare always is preferr'd,
And my neglected voice unheard:
Examples numerous I cou'd mention,
A peace! bad as the old convention;
Money reduc'd to three per cent,
No pity on the poor who lent;
Armies that muſt for ever ſtand,
And ſtill three ſhillings laid on land.

H. PELHAM.

5. Suppoſe now, Madam, I was willing
For once to bate this grievous ſhilling,
To humour you—I know 'tis wrong,
But you have ſuch a curſed tongue.

MADAM POPULARITY.

6. Why then, tho' rough as winds or ſeas,
You ſcorn all little arts to pleaſe,
Yet thou art honeſt, faith, and I
With thee alone will live and die.

A SIMILE.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
Harbour'd ſtrange notions in her head,
Notions in town quite out of faſhion;
Such as that love's a dangerous paſſion,
That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
And to be ſafe, ſhe muſt be cruel.

Thus arm'd ſhe'ad long ſecur'd her honour
From all aſſaults yet made upon her,
Had ſcratch'd th' impetuous Captain's hand,
Had torn the Lawyer's gown and band,
And gold refus'd from Knights and Squires
To bribe her to her own deſires:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe thought it hard,
To be of pleaſures thus debarr'd,
She ſaw by others freely taſted,
So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and waſted:
Yet, notwithſtanding her condition,
Continu'd firm in oppoſition.

At length a troop of horſe came down,
And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town;
The Cornet he was tall and young,
And had a moſt bewitching tongue.
They ſaw and lik'd: the ſiege begun:
Each hour he ſome advantage won.
He ogled firſt;—ſhe turn'd away;—
But met his eyes the following day:
Then her reluctant hand he ſeizes,
That ſoon ſhe gives him, when he pleaſes:
Her ruby lips he next attacks:—
She ſtruggles;—in a while ſhe ſmacks:
Her ſnowy breaſt he then invades;—
That yields too after ſome parades;
And of that fortreſs once poſſeſt,
He quickly maſters all the reſt.
No longer now, a dupe to fame,
She ſmothers or reſiſts her flame,
But loves without or fear or ſhame.
So have I ſeen the Tory race
Long in the pouts for want of place,

Never in humour, never well,
Wiſhing for what they dar'd not tell,
Their heads with country-notions fraught,
Notions in town not worth a groat,
Theſe tenets all reluctant quit,
And ſtep by ſtep at laſt ſubmit
To reaſon, eloquence, and PITT.

At firſt to Hanover a Plum
Was ſent;—They ſaid—A trivial ſum,
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and ſwore they'd cry out murder;
Ere long a larger ſum is wanted;
They piſh'd and frown'd—but ſtill they granted;
He puſh'd for more, and more agen—
Well—Money's better ſent, than Men;
Here virtue made another ſtand.—
No—not a man ſhall leave the land.
What?—not one regiment to Embden?
They ſtart—but now they're fairly hem'd in:
Theſe ſoon, and many more are ſent;—
They're ſilent—Silence gives conſent.

Our

Our troops, they now can plainly ſee,
May Britain guard in Germany:
Hanoverians, Heſſians, Pruſſians
Are paid, t'oppoſe the French and Ruſſians:
Nor ſcruple they with truth to ſay,
They're fighting for America:
No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About an Heſſian horſe or ſaddle;
No more of continental meaſures,
No more of waſting Britiſh treaſures;
Ten millions, and a vote of credit.—
'Tis right—He can't be wrong, who did it:
They're fairly ſous'd o'er head and ears,
And cur'd of all their ruſtic fears.

A PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

THE deeds of ancient days ſhall be my theme;
O Lora, the ſoft murmurs of thy ſtream,
Thy trees, Garmallar, ruſtling in the wind,
Recall thoſe days with pleaſure to my mind.

See'ſt thou that rock, from whoſe heath-cover'd crown,
Melvina, three old bended firs look down?
Green is the plain which at its feet is ſpread,
The mountain flower there ſhakes its milk-white head;
Two ſtones, memorials of departed worth,
Uplift their moſs-cap'd heads, half ſunk in earth;
The mountain deer, that crop the graſs around,
See the pale ghoſts who guard the ſacred ground,
Then ſtarting, fly the place, and at a diſtance bound.

On ſeeing the Earl of CHESTERFIELD at a BALL, at BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

IN times by ſelfiſhneſs and faction four'd,
When dull Importance has all Wit devour'd;
When Rank, as if t' inſult alone deſign'd,
Affects a proud ſeclusion from mankind;
And Greatneſs, to all ſocial converſe dead,
Eſteems it dignity to be ill-bred:—

See! CHESTERFIELD alone reſiſts the tide,
Above all party, and above all pride,
Vouchſafes each night theſe brilliant ſcenes to grace,
Augments and ſhares th' amuſements of the place;
Admires the Fair, enjoys the ſprightly ball,
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleaſes all.
Hence, tho' unable now this ſtile to hit,
Learn what was once politeneſs, eaſe, and wit.

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

CROWN'D be the man with laſting praiſe,
Who firſt contriv'd the pin
From vicious ſteeds to looſe a chaiſe,
And ſave the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and ſkip,
And all controul diſdain;
Defy the terrors of the whip,
And rend the ſilken rein!

Awhile

Awhile we try if art or ſtrength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeleſs, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the ſpring we preſs,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, diſengag'd from all diſtreſs,
We ſit quite ſafe and ſnug.

The pamper'd ſteeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full ſpeed together;
But having no plan aſcertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love miſchief and a courſe,
Enjoying this diſaſter,
Bawl, Stop them! Stop them! till they're hoarſe,
But mean to drive them faſter.

Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry

Hungry at laſt, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at noſe and eyes;
By ſufferings growing mighty tame,
And by experience wiſe;

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay;
They both ſneak back, their folly ſee,
And run no more away.

Let all who view th' inſtructive ſcene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glouceſter's honeſt Dean,
For, Tucker *,—thou'rt the man.

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* Early in the unfortunte conteſt between the mother country and her American colonies, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Glouceſter, publiſhed a pamphlet, intitled, *An Addreſs and Appeal to the Landed Intereſt*; in which he propoſed and recommended to the nation a total ſeparation from the colonies, the rejection of them from being fellow members, and joint partakers in the privileges and advantages of the Britiſh Empire, becauſe they refuſe to ſubmit to the authority and juriſdiction of the Britiſh Legiſlature; offering at the ſame time to enter into alliance of friendſhip and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other ſovereign independent

dependent ſtates. Not any one of thoſe who are recorded in the hiſtory of this country in the renowned liſt of her ableſt ſtateſmen, had he lived at this time, could have foreſeen with more ſagacity what was likely to happen from that ſad buſineſs, or with greater wiſdom provided a remedy to prevent it, than what the Dean's propoſitions contained. But, alas! they were not attended to by thoſe who only at that time could endeavour to carry them into execution; and, after a long ſtruggle, in which much blood was ſpilt, enormous treaſures waſted, and two Britiſh armies compelled to go into captivity, the parent ſtate ſuffered the diſgrace of being compelled to ſurrender that, of which the Dean of Glouceſter long before, with the ſoundeſt policy, adviſed her to make a free-will offering.—This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding ſhort poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciſeneſs as to the matter, and humour in the manner, ſo peculiar to himſelf, recommends and ſupports the Dean's plan. E.

AN

ODE.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari.

TO

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to preſent to your lordſhip, the following Ode; for at whoſe ſhrine can it be offered with more propriety, than at your lordſhip's, whoſe taſte for poetry, as well as for every other part of polite literature, is ſo juſtly and ſo univerſally acknowledged? Your lordſhip has yourſelf made no inconſiderable figure in the lyric; but I will not ſo much flatter you, even in a Dedication, as to affirm, that you have perfectly ſucceeded. I allow, that the very few pieces with which you have favoured the public, are as elegant and beautiful as any in our language: I own, that in every one of them there are juſt conception, lively imagination, correct expreſſion, and clear connection; but I know your lordſhip's goodneſs will pardon me, when I preſume to aſſert, that all theſe excellencies are utterly repugnant to the

noble frenzy, and ſublime obſcurity of the Ode; both which are ſufficiently viſible in this, which I have here the honour to lay before your lordſhip, and which I take to be a model of perfection: My obligations, perhaps, may make me partial to its merits, as to the publication of it, I am indebted for this opportunity of aſſuring your lordſhip that I am,

MY LORD,

Your lordſhip's moſt devoted, and

Obedient humble ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE following Ode was found in the cabinet of a late celebrated writer; and is eſteemed, by the beſt judges, to be the moſt perfect compoſition of the kind that is any where to be met with amongſt the productions of the numerous lyric poets of modern times.

That learned and judicious critic, Dr. Joſeph Trap, in his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, thus deſcribes the moſt excellent compoſers of lyric Poems or Odes. "Conceptus omnium ardentiſſimi; a vulgaribus cogitatis remotiſſimi; methodum fugere videntur; tranſitiones affectant, quæ nulla arte fieri videntur, nihilo licet plus artis inſit. Sententiarum nexus & copulas negligere amant; modo abrupto & improviſo poema incipiunt, & finiunt; & furore quodam uſitatis legibus & regulis ſuperiore, ab hoc ad illud devolant, nulla loquendi formulis venia vel obtenta prius, aut petita." Which, for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen, I thus tranſlate:

" Their conceptions are the moſt daring and moſt " remote from all vulgar ideas, or common ſenſe; " they ſeem to fly from all method; they affect " tranſitions, which appear to be void of all art, " though in them there is a great deal; they are " fond of neglecting all connections; they begin and " end their poem in a manner abrupt, ſudden, and " unexpected; and with a madneſs ſuperior to all " the laws and rules of writing, daſh about from " one thing to another, without obtaining pardon, " or even condeſcending to aſk it." Theſe rules have been obſerved with great diligence, and ſome ſucceſs, by moſt of the writers of modern Odes; but have never been adhered to with that happy exactneſs, as in the piece which is now before us. It begins in a manner the moſt abrupt and unexpected, and ends as abruptly as it begins. It opens with a moſt ſublime ſpeech of a giant, ſuppoſed to have run mad from ſome diſappointment in ambition or love; and this, in conformity to the ſtricteſt laws of criticiſm, and the example of our moſt admired writers of Odes, is ſo artificially contrived, that the reader, however

however ſagacious he may be, cannot poſſibly diſcover, before he arrives at the end of the ſecond ſtanza, whether it is the ſpeech of the giant or the poet, or any ſpeech at all.

The tranſition from the giant's ſpeech, to that beautiful deſcription of the morning, is truly Pindaric; the ſudden apoſtrophe to the ſun, is perfectly ſublime; and that to the moon no leſs tender and pathetic: the deſcriptions of the four ſeaſons are wonderfully pictureſque, and are not, as uſual, copies drawn from the ſcenery of Italian groves, and the plains of Arcadia, but true originals, taken on the ſpot in Old England, and formed of ideas entirely new. And the addreſs to Liberty, which concludes this admirable Ode, is far ſuperior to any thing of that kind, with which we are ſo frequently entertained by our moſt admired poets; as it is more expreſſive of the true ſenſe and ſpirit of an Engliſhman.

Juſt and lively pictures are the very eſſence of an Ode, as well as of an Auction-room, whether there are any proper places to hang them in or not; and ſuch there are in the narrow compaſs of this little

piece, of every thing that is great and beautiful in nature; of the morning riſing from the ocean; of the ſun, the moon, and the planetary ſyſtem; of a giant and a hermit; of woods, rocks, and mountains, and the ſeaſons of the revolving year: and in all theſe, the images are ſo entirely new, the tranſitions ſo ſudden and unexpected, ſo void of all apparent art, yet not without much of that which is quite inviſible; the thoughts are ſo ſublime, ſo diſtant from all vulgar ideas, or common ſenſe, that the judicious reader will ſcarcely find in it a ſingle deviation from the ſevereſt laws of juſt criticiſm; and if he can peruſe this incomparable work without an enthuſiaſtic admiration, he ought to conclude, that whatever delight he may receive from poetry of other kinds, he is one of thoſe unfortunate genius's who have no taſte for that moſt ſublime ſpecies of it, the Ode.

ODE.

O D E.

I'LL combat Nature, interrupt her courſe,
And baffle all her ſtated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's ſide;
Divert the tempeſt from its deſtin'd line,
And ſtem the torrent of th' impetuous tide;
Teach the dull ox to dance, the aſs to play,
And even obſtinate Americans t' obey.

Like ſome dread Herald, tygers I'll compel
In the ſame field with ſtags in peace to dwell;
The rampant lion now erect ſhall ſtand,
Now couchant at my feet ſhall lie depreſt;
And if he dares but queſtion my command,
With one ſtrong blow I'll halve him to a creſt.
Thus ſpoke the giant Gogmagog: the ſound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now Morning, rob'd in ſaffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dreſt,

Climbs the celeſtial ſtaircaſe, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the Eaſt;
From whence around ſhe ſees
The cryſtal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with ſtraggling flocks,
The ſcarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-ſhadowing rocks.

Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old Ocean views her with deſiring eyes,
And longs once more to claſp her in his arms,
Repenting he had ſuffer'd her to riſe;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence ſhe juſt had fled,
To the ſlow, loitering hours he roars amain,
To haſten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whoſe genial animating ray
Men, beaſts, the teeming earth, and rolling ſeas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Muſt ſhare one common fate, intenſely freeze,
And all become one ſolid maſs of ice;

Ambition

Ambition wou'd be froze, and Faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.

Say, what new worlds and ſyſtems you ſurvey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What Beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlaſting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconſum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for moſt ardently I wiſh to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or ſnow!

And thou, ſweet Moon! canſt tell a ſofter tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeneſs, fair and pale,
In penſive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving ſwain,
And looks on you with tear-beſprinkled eyes,
And ſighs and looks, and looks and ſighs again;
Say, for thou know'ſt what conſtant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit ſees,
Gleam thro' the waving branches of the trees,

Which,

Which, high-embow'ring ſhade his gloomy cell,
Where undiſturb'd perpetual ſilence reigns,
Unleſs the owl is heard, or diſtant bell,
Or the wind whiſtling o'er the furzy plains.
How bleſt to dwell in this ſequeſter'd ſpot:
Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle ſpreads,
And paints with green and gold the flow'ry meads;
Fruit-trees in vaſt white perriwigs are ſeen,
Reſembling much ſome antiquated beau,
Which north-eaſt winds, that blow ſo long and keen,
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of ſnow;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
And ſweetly ſing and ſhake—and ſhake with cold.

Summer ſucceeds; in ev'nings ſoft and warm,
Thrice-happy lovers ſaunter arm in arm;
The gay and fair now quit the duſty town,
O'er turnpike-roads inceſſant chaiſes ſweep,
And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;

There

There with ſucceſs each ſwain his nymph aſſails,
As birds, they ſay, are caught—can we but ſalt their
tails.

Then Autumn, more ſerene, if not ſo bright,
Regales at once our palate, and our ſight;
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple cluſters rob the vine;
The ſpacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:
But diſappointment oft his hopes attends—
In tythes and mildews the rich proſpect ends.

Laſt, Winter comes; decrepit, old, and dull;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;
The ſocial converſe, circulating glaſs,
And chearful fire, are his: to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly laſs,
The ſerious game at whiſt, and merry ſong;
Nor wants he beauties—ſee the ſun-beams glow
O'er lakes of cryſtal ice, and plains of ſilver ſnow!

Thus

Thus roll. the ſeaſons o'er Britannia's land,
But none her freeborn-weather can command;
Seaſons unlike to thoſe in ſervile climes,
Which o'er Hiſpania's or Italia's plains
Diſpenſe, at regular and ſtated times,
Succeſſive heat and cold, and drought and rains;
Her's ſcorning, like her ſons, to be controul'd,
Breathe heat in winter oft, and oft in ſummer cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair Goddeſs of this iſle!
Deign on my verſes, and on me, to ſmile;
Like them unfetter'd by the bonds of ſenſe,
Permit us to enjoy life's tranſient dream,
To live, and write, without the leaſt pretence
To method, order, meaning, plan, or ſcheme:
And ſhield us ſafe beneath thy guardian wings,
From Law, Religion, Miniſters, and Kings.

WROTE AT THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY's ASSEMBLY,

1787.

FROM SALISBURY's Garter dropp'd, th' hiſtorian knows,
Th' illuſtrious Order ſo intitled roſe!
Another SALISBURY now our boſoms warms,
With equal elegance and equal charms.
Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,
With juſtice be conſign'd to equal fame;
Let Kings with no leſs pride her Garter wear,
Then every noble Knight may have a pair.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

On Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HERE lies SAM JOHNSON:—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, leſt you wake a ſleeping Bear:
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but ſelf-ſufficient, proud, and vain,
Fond of, and overbearing in diſpute,
A Chriſtian, and a Scholar—but a Brute.

ON A LATE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT ON

HIS MAJESTY's LIFE, 1786.

LONG had our gracious GEORGE, with gentle hand,
And love paternal, Britain's ſcepter ſway'd;
To render this a free and happy land,
Was all for which he wiſh'd to be obey'd.

With